

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

THIRD PICTURE.—SCENE WITH THE QUACK.

From Hogarth's Works, by the Rev. J. Trusler.

IN the two preceding prints, the hero and the heroine of this tragedy show a fashionable indifference towards each other. On the part of the viscount, we see no indication of any wish to conciliate the affections of his lady. Careless of her conduct, and negligent of her fame, he leaves her to superintend the musical dissipations of his house, and lays the scene of his own licentious amusements abroad. The female heart is naturally susceptible, and much influenced by first impressions. Formed for love, and gratefully attached by delicate attentions; but chilled by neglect, and frozen by coldness,—by contempt it is estranged, and, by habitual and long-continued inconstancy, sometimes lost.

To show that our unfortunate victim to parental ambition has suffered this mortifying climax of provocation, the artist has made a digression, and exhibited her profligate husband attending a quack doctor. In the last plate he appears to have dissipated his fortune; in this he has injured his health. From the hour of marriage, he has neglected the woman to whom he plighted his troth. Can we wonder at her conduct? By the viscount she was despised; by the counsellor—adored. This insidious, insinuating villain we may naturally suppose acquainted with every part of the nobleman's conduct, and artful enough to make advantage of his knowledge. From such an agent the countess would probably learn how her lord was connected; from his subtle suggestions, being aided by resentment, she is tempted to think that these accumulated insults have dissolved the marriage vow, and given her a right to retaliate. Thus impelled, thus irritated, and attended by such an advocate, can

we wonder that this fair unfortunate deserted from the standard of honor, and sought refuge in the camp of infamy? To her husband many of her errors must be attributed. She saw he despised her—and therefore hated him; found that he had bestowed his affections on another,—and followed his example. To show the consequence of his unrestrained wanderings, the author in this plate, exhibits his hero in the house of one of those needy empirics who play upon public credulity, and vend poisons under the name of drugs.

An horn of the sea unicorn is so placed as to give the idea of a barber's pole; this, with the pewter basin and broken comb, clearly indicates the former profession of our mock doctor. The high-crowned hat and antique spur, which might once have been the property of Butler's redoubted knight, the valiant Hudibras, with the model of the gallows, and sundry non-descript rarities, show us that this great man, if not already a member of the Antiquarian Society, is qualifying himself to be a candidate. The dried body in the glass case, placed between a skeleton and the sage's wig block, form a trio that might serve as the symbol of a consultation of physicians. A figure above the mummies seems at first sight to be decorated with a flowing periwig; but, on a close inspection, will be found intended for one of Sir John Mandeville's Anthropophagi, a sort of men "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." Even the skulls have character; and the principal mummy has so majestic an aspect, that one is almost tempted to believe it the mighty Cheops, king of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, being the only one entombed in the large pyramid.

MURDERERS DETERRED IN ITALY BY HANGING THEM WITHOUT CONFESSION.—The Duke of Vendosme, during the last wars in Italy, had put to death a multitude of banditti and assassins, without being able to exterminate them; and there came daily tidings of fresh murders. At length that general bethought himself of taking the Italians on their weak side, viz. superstition. He therefore gave orders, that all those who were apprehended for assassinations,

should be trussed up instantly, without the least talk with their priests, or furnishing themselves with the necessary passports for their voyage into the other world. This punishment made more impression on those murdering villains, than did the dread of death itself; they would willingly have ventured hanging, but they would not run the risk of being hanged without confession."—*London Magazine*, 1737.

From the Journal of Commerce.

THE CRY OF A SOUL.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

"Room for the Leper! Room!"
 How shrank the crowd
 When wild and loud
 The cavernous accents rolled
 Along the sounding streets within the days of
 old!

"Room for the Leper! Room!"
 Lo, what large orb'd surprise
 Gleams in Judea's eyes
 When One, despised in his own native land,
 Calm as a god, lifts up his hand,
 And says "Be clean!"
 And instantly the rosy cheek is seen
 Where ghastly pallor hung its warning sign,
 And eyes, long dim, put on their youthful sheen
 Under the word divine.

II.

"Room for the stricken! Room!"
 No pallid hue is mine—
 On me no warning sign
 Strikes terror to a city's shrinking crowd—
 And yet I cry aloud,
 With accents sad as Autumn winds that moan
 Through all the night alone
 Over some mouldering tomb—
 "Room for the stricken! Room!"
 Yet where are those that have the right to
 shrink?
 And where are they on whom the blight
 Of that dead idiot white
 Strikes not the leprous soul who feebly stares
 When he by kingly right should boldly pierce,
 While walking up Creation's starry stairs,
 And grasp the meanings of the Universe?

III.

Once in my days of old,
 More than mere Poesy's power was mine;
 There was in everything an inner shrine
 From whence like rainbows beaming manifold,
 The oracles were rolled;
 And tree, and hill, and mountain, and the great
 Magnificence of Ocean and the sweep
 Of sounding storms, and all the choral state
 Of octaved stars in Heaven's rejoicing Deep,
 Were everlasting worship; and the hours
 Came like pearl divers, plunging down and
 down
 Thought's central sea, and from their diamond
 bowers
 Rose royally up with truth's own golden
 crown;
 And I could hear unwritten music glide
 O'er the dim mountain, and the dark blue tide;
 And I could see religion in each star
 That lit cathedrals of the clouds afar;
 And I could feel the large, bright worlds
 around,
 Tremble with solemn Joy through every sod,
 Beneath the balanced harmonies of God.

IV.

O, what a stainless glory
 On every plain and promontory!
 What subtle correspondence flowing
 From every planet glowing,
 And luminous metal, and the opening bud,
 The sun-bright river and the dark blue flood,
 And all the interpenetrating springs,
 Flowers and rays, and clouds and wings,
 Of Adonai's immeasurable things,
 With passions of the soul that flame,
 Proof of the fountain-source from whence he
 came,
 And shall return
 When wreathed the cypress of the funeral urn.

V.

But now! ah! now!—
 Why this wide blank? Why should my spirit be
 Crowned with the wealth alone of memory,
 While all in vain
 I question sky, and earth, and main?
 Why did I bow
 To idols with the callous crowd,
 And call aloud
 In worship of the idiot gods that see
 No inner meaning in the starry glow,
 No deep significance in any light
 Vibrating o'er the changing deeps below,
 Or Heaven's eternal height.

VI.

O, Thou who healed in days of old,
 When that wild voice through far Judea rolled,
 To Thee I lift my darkened eye,
 And stretch aloft my withering arms, and cry—
 "Take off—take off this pallid blight—
 Give back, thou MAN of men, that youthful
 light!"
 In the scathed desert yet may wave a palm;
 In the hushed temple yet may rise a psalm:
 For sometimes still along the dusky choir
 Is heard the murmuring of a lonely lyre,
 As if it tried to catch some anthem's flow,
 That swelled long, long ago.
 No spirit sinks so deep its natal sphere,
 That Beauty sits not on some central moun-
 tain,
 Or angels walk not in the noon to hear
 The singing bird and palm-o'-ershadowed
 fountain!

New York, 1852.

USE OF OUR PASSIONS.—"Our passions were
 given us to perfect and accomplish our natures,
 though by accidental misapplications to un-
 worthy objects that may turn to our degrada-
 tion and dishonor. We may indeed be debased
 as well as ennobled by them; but then the fault
 is not in the large *sails*, but in the ill *conduct*
 of the *pilot*, if our vessel miss the haven. The
 tide of our love can never run too high, pro-
 vided it take a right *channel*."—*A Collection*
of Miscellanies, by John Norris.

From Chambers' Repository.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

I.

BURKE once said of Charles James Fox, that he was born to be loved; and this was his great characteristic and his greatest praise. For the man who, in spite of many faults, inspires those around him with affection, who lights up with smiles the faces of all among whom he appears, must necessarily be the possessor of a warm heart and finely tempered mind. Most other statesmen, even when highly patriotic, infuse little warmth into their intercourse with the public; but Fox seems to have regarded parliament, and even the whole nation, as part of his own family, and to have thrown much of the warmth of friendship into his dealings with them. In consequence, all his contemporaries who were not severed from him by the violence of party-spirit, watched over his reputation with something like brotherly solicitude; and even to this hour, when members of parliament appeal to the authority of Mr. Fox, they do so with feelings very different from those with which they refer to the opinions of other statesmen.

There must, accordingly, be more than ordinary interest in following the career of such a man, so as, if possible, to discover the secret of his popularity. Other leaders of party have possessed much greater external advantages, have commanded the influence of more powerful families, possessed greater fortunes, equal knowledge, and talents and genius and eloquence scarcely inferior to his, yet no one, perhaps, was ever regarded with so much love and attachment by the country, or so earnestly admired by his friends, or so respected and esteemed by parliament, as Charles James Fox. Wise and learned as he was, his eloquence seemed to proceed less from his head than from his heart: it was the spontaneous expression of great qualities and great affections. He loved the country sufficiently to induce him to give up all his faculties to the study of its interests, and his faculties were sufficiently great to enable him thoroughly to comprehend these interests in all their amplitude and complexity. Study was the easy and natural habit of his mind, which was so large, that it readily admitted whatever was great in the intellectual world, and so full of genial warmth, that it naturally matured and brought to perfection whatever it embraced. He has been compared to Demosthenes, and no man of modern times ever so much deserved to suggest such a comparison. It is, however, praise enough to say, that he might have equalled Demosthenes, had the circumstances of the times,

and the habits of society, and the practice of parliament, been such as to induce him to submit to so severe a discipline as that which rendered the Athenian the prince of orators—the model which all succeeding times have acknowledged to be inimitable, the man in whom knowledge and fire, and judgment and discretion, and grandeur of sentiment and severity of logic were united to carry eloquence to its highest pitch; who for two thousand years has excited perpetual imitation, and yet been found to be unapproachable in his greatness.

II.

Fox was born on the 13th of January, 1749. His father, Lord Holland, was a new man who had raised himself to distinction by industry and court patronage. Through his mother, a daughter of the Duke of Richmond, he was descended from the royal families of England and Navarre—a circumstance on which he himself seems never to have set any value, though it no doubt influenced the judgment and predilections of others. Enough is not known of his early life; it is certain, however, that he was the spoiled child of his father, who, with unpardonable weakness, petted and flattered him, and laid the foundation of those defects of character which became so startlingly apparent in after-years. Numerous anecdotes have been related by contemporary retailers of gossip, for the purpose of illustrating the events of his boyhood; but they are most of them of no significance. The following may, perhaps, deserve to be repeated, because they show by what criminal excess of paternal indulgence the mind of the young statesman and orator was from the first corrupted. His father having determined to lay open a view of Holland House to the public, promised his son Charles that he should be present when the intervening wall was exploded by gunpowder. It happened, however, by accident, that the workmen performed this part of their task without giving notice to the young favourite. An expression of regret would have satisfied most fathers on such an occasion; but with an eccentric display of affection, which many persons perhaps will consider ludicrous, Lord Holland had the wall built up again, in order that Black Charley, as he was called, might have the gratification of witnessing its second overthrow!

Everybody remembers the equanimity with which Sir Isaac Newton bore the destruction of his papers by his dog Pompey; Lord Holland seems almost to have rivalled him in patience and good-nature. 'One

night, when Secretary of State during the war, having a number of important expresses to despatch, he took them home from his office, in order to examine their contents more attentively before he sent them away. Charles then about eight years old, came into the study, to which he had free access, and taking up one of the packets which his father had examined and set apart for sealing, he perused it with much seeming attention for some time, then expressed his disapprobation of the contents, and threw it into the fire. The secretary, far from being ruffled by this incident, or attempting to reprimand his son, turned immediately to look for the office-copy, and with the utmost composure and good-humour made out another.

III.

One of the greatest blemishes in the character of Fox was his love of gambling, which accompanied him through the greater part of his life, and exposed him to some of the keenest vexations he ever endured. The seeds of this unhappy vice are supposed to have been sown by his father, whom, at the age of fourteen, he accompanied to Spa. All places which people frequent for the recovery of their health, are more or less detrimental to their morals. Fox, though a boy, seems immediately to have been absorbed into the vortex of play, which his father, instead of checking, encouraged by allowing him five guineas a night to be wasted on this destructive amusement. Can we wonder that the love of excitement thus early fostered, should have produced at a later period such bitter fruit?

Like most other persons of distinction, Lord Holland desired to give his son a public education, and sent him first to Westminster School, and afterwards to Eton. His progress in those seats of learning is described in terms of general eulogium. He is said to have astonished his masters as much by the levity of his conduct as by the quickness and brilliancy of his abilities; while he already exerted over his school-fellows that fascination which in after-years he exerted over men. The elements of the character are, in fact, always the same—the discrepancies supposed to be observable in many cases between the boy and the man, being attributable to the want of discernment in those who undertake to judge, and not to any real change in the object. With the instincts of true generosity, Fox always espoused the cause of the weak against the strong. He had an innate love of justice in his disposition, was full of tenderness and compassion, and desired, above all things, to diffuse happiness around him. Fortune

also, in his case, favoured the development of his amiable virtues, so that nearly all his companions became his friends. It was among them that he laid the first foundation of that empire which he afterwards exercised over the minds of his contemporaries. To show in what light he was viewed at Eton, we introduce a copy of verses written by his school-fellow, the Earl of Carlisle, who had the sagacity to foresee his future eminence:—

'How will my Fox, alone, by strength of parts,
Shake the loud senate, animate the hearts
Of fearful statesmen! while around you stand
Both peers and commons listening your command.

While Tully's sense its weight to you affords,
His nervous sweetness shall adorn your words;
What praise to Pitt, to Townsend, e'er was due,
In future times, my Fox, shall wait on you.'

Much the same language may be applied to the progress of Fox at Oxford. He devoted himself attentively to study and to pleasure, and surpassed most of his companions in both. The excesses of youth have been not unaptly described as bills drawn at a long date, which have to be taken up with fearful interest in after-life. Fox's dissipation at Eton and Oxford sapped the foundations of his health, though evidence of the mischief did not immediately appear: even in his studies, there was a large share of intemperance. He returned from the *Elensis* of the university, to devote himself fiercely to his books, and after having wasted the night in blamable indulgences, is reported to have read at least nine or ten hours a day. Of this assiduous application to learning, the fruits were afterwards manifest throughout his life. He always retained his admiration of classical literature; and inspiration derived from Homer and Euripides, often directed those thunders of eloquence with which he shook the House of Commons. Fox found in the great authors of antiquity, particularly in those of Greece, manifestations of a kindred intellect, with all that originality and love of independence which characterise the great and noble of all generations. He was worthy to have lived and spoken at Athens, and to have associated with that 'old man eloquent' who

'Wielded at will the fierce democracy,
Shook th' Arsenal, and fulminated over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.'

IV.

When he was supposed to have finished his studies at the university, he obtained his father's permission to travel on the continent. Over this portion of his life a thick

veil, not, however, unadorned with gorgeous figures of embroidery, has been thrown by his biographers. He had agreed, it appears, to correspond with his friend, Richard Kirkpatrick, in verse; but if he adhered to his engagement, all these poetical effusions, save one, must have perished. The only remaining specimen is dated from Dover, and runs as follows:—

'From the time that I left you, dear Richard,
at Almack's
(For which I have no rhyme but the old one
of Calmucks),
I slept while I came a confounded slow pace,
Till at last I arrived about eight at the place.
From hence we are now just about to embark,
And hope to reach Calais before it is dark.
I begin, I can tell you, already to curse
The engagements I made to write always in
verse;
For the muses are coy, and the more that I
woo 'em,
The more difficult 'tis, as I find, to get to 'em;
They are whimsical women, but in spite of
their malice,
I will send you a letter to-morrow from Calais.'

The stagyrite, the master in learning and statesmanship of Alexander the Great, who explored the whole world of Philosophy, and explained with equal clearness the laws which regulate poetry and eloquence, and the institutions of society and the movements of the universe—this man, we say, was a coxcomb in dress, loved to strut about the streets in purple, and to adorn his person with all the elegances of a fop. Charles James Fox had, in youth, the same weakness, and in most of the capitals of Europe astonished the politer circles by the extravagance of his attention to dress. This, however, was the most harmless of his propensities. He seems at the same time to have indulged in all the most reckless vices of youth, and to have contracted wherever he went a load of debt, which it required the utmost stretch of parental indulgence to discharge. Lord Holland now paid the penalty of his unwise fondness. Instead of properly checking, he had fostered the strongest passion of his son; and when, in a state of unaffected alarm, he sought to exercise his authority as a father, he found it scarcely equal to the task of reclaiming him from his irregularities. Letter after letter was despatched insisting on his immediate return, but it was not until he had utterly exhausted his pecuniary resources, and probably also his credit, that Fox yielded a reluctant obedience to the summons. To balance, in some degree, the evils arising out of this premature tour, it may be observed, that he acquired during its con-

tinuance a strong relish for Italian literature and poetry, which certainly aided in imparting to his language that warmth and richness for which it was afterwards distinguished. In a letter to Kirkpatrick, he thus alludes to the growth of these favourite studies:—

'I employed almost my whole time at Oxford in the mathematical and classical knowledge, but more particularly in the latter, so that I understand Latin and Greek tolerably well. I am totally ignorant in every part of useful knowledge. I am more convinced every day how little advantage there is in being what at school and the university is called a good scholar: one receives a good deal of amusement from it, but that is all. At present, I read nothing but Italian, which I am immoderately fond of, particularly of the poetry. You, who understand Italian so well yourself, will not at all wonder at this. As to French, I am far from being so thorough a master of it as I could wish; but I know so much of it, that I could perfect myself in it at any time with very little trouble, especially if I pass three or four months in France. I should not run on in this manner about myself, if I were not convinced that you did not mean a compliment when you desired me to give some account of myself, but that you are really so good as to interest yourself in what concerns me. . . . I have so bad a taste as to differ from you very much about the French stage. I allow the French actors to be much better than ours, but I think our plays infinitely better. Here at Florence the people are clever at every other species of writing imaginable but the dramatic. All Italian plays are imitations either of Greek, Latin, or French ones; but if the Italians are in this respect inferior to the French, English, &c., they are fully revenged in every other. For God's sake, learn Italian as fast as you can, if it be only to read Ariosto! There is more good poetry in Italian than in all other languages that I understand put together. In prose, too, it is a very fine language. Make haste and read all these things, that you may be fit to talk to Christians. Fitzwilliam is here, and, as you may imagine, we live a great deal together. Adieu, dear Richard: my letter is rather too long.'

Lord Holland, however, had not altogether mistaken his son's character: he foresaw that his honourable ambition would prove at least a match for his passions; and therefore, in his nineteenth year, procured, by the means usual in those days, his return to parliament. Both the Speaker and the House of Commons winked at this flagrant breach of rules, and Fox found himself, while almost a boy, numbered among the

legislators of the British Empire. This circumstance may in part account for his immense success as a constitutional statesman and orator. He completed his education in parliament, by listening daily to the most distinguished speakers—and few ages have seen greater—who then sat on the benches of the House of Commons, or had been recently translated to the peers; among these, was Lord Chatham, whose style of eloquence could hardly fail to awaken the strongest feeling of emulation in the breast of the youthful senator.

Fox immediately began to exercise his virgin eloquence, and soon became a favorite with the House. Like all truly great men, he was simple in his manner, and modest in his appreciation of himself. He knew he had great abilities, but he saw others with great abilities likewise, while they were in possession of what he was conscious of wanting—we mean, experience and familiarity with public business. He treated all the notabilities of the House with deference and consideration, and while earnest in the advocacy of his own opinions, was always careful, in the most graceful and winning manner, to concede the same right to others. His handsome, manly countenance, and singularly sweet, flexible, and affectionate voice, completed the spell, and inspired the entire body of the Commons of England with a growing fondness for the eloquence, at once learned and ingenuous, of the youthful orator.

No report has been preserved of any of his early speeches which can at all suffice to convey a correct idea of their character. But, apropos of the fascination of his personal appearance, Lord Holland relates the following curious anecdote:—‘I have in my possession a singular proof of the figure and impression Mr. Fox made on his first appearance as an orator. A young artist, and, I believe, a reporter of debates, a Mr. Surtees, of Mainsforth, in the county of Durham, happened to be in the gallery when he first spoke. At that period, no stranger was allowed to make notes, or take any paper or note-book into the gallery for that purpose. But this gentleman, struck with the appearance of the youthful orator, tore off part of his shirt, and sketched on it, with a pencil or burned stick, a likeness of him, which he afterwards tried to finish at his lodgings, and which, owing to the care of Mr. Sharpe and kindness of Mr. Fletcher, is still preserved in my possession at Holland House, retaining many traits of resemblance to the dark, intelligent and animated features of Mr. Fox.

v.

Descended from a Tory family, and having

nearly all his connections among the Tories, he naturally entered the House as a member of the court-party. His prejudices were strong in proportion to the earnestness of his character. He cherished an especial dislike for the Bedford family, and, if we may rely on the testimony of Burke, was in the habit of attacking it on all occasions in society. In the House, his wit, his quickness, his popular and engaging manners, rendered him an exceedingly useful ally to ministers. During the proceedings against Wilkes, he, on one occasion, gave proof of great readiness, though, in all likelihood, it was only a felicitous hit. Wedderburne, accomplished in professional learning, and supremely confident in the extent of his experience, having, in the discussion on some point of law, affirmed that there was but one precedent on record that could be referred to—Fox immediately rose, corrected the learned gentleman, and mentioned another case, while the whole House literally roared with applause. In another debate, Fox undertook to combat the objections of the Rockingham party, and thus drew down upon himself the ridicule of Burke, who, however, with his usual deference for rank and powerful family connections, was careful to restrain himself within certain limits. No offence was taken by the young orator—more on account of the goodness of his own nature, than from the moderation of his antagonist. Privately, a friendship already existed between these two remarkable men. Burke—then double his age—had become acquainted with him at his father's table, where the most distinguished literary men of the age were accustomed to assemble. Here the incipient statesman could not fail to admire the easy eloquence and unbounded mental resources of the greatest rhetorician of modern times. Burke's conversation, for its gorgeousness and splendour, has been compared to a Roman triumph; and though this be mere extravagance, there can be no doubt he was a brilliant talker, extremely addicted to display, and, therefore, likely to excite and dazzle the imagination of an ambitious youth, who hoped, at some future day, to exercise the same faculty as well in society as in the senate.

Political employment is almost necessarily the result of position. A man is born and brought up among those who have the distribution of offices at their command; he inspires them with friendship and confidence in his abilities: his relatives are their friends, and when on the look-out for fresh coadjutors to fill certain posts, they, as a matter of course, select those most familiar to them. Fox had been brought very early into contact with Lord North, who liked him

for the frankness and warmth of his character, while he, on his part, entertained the strongest admiration for the minister. An anonymous writer, who knew Fox personally, has given us a brief but interesting account of his opinions of this statesman. 'It always appeared to me,' he says, 'that Mr. Fox had a very lively regard for Lord North, as he never mentioned him but in a strain of eulogy. He said that he was the most accomplished wit ever known; and, in domestic life, in the circle of his friends and followers when collected at his table, had all the candour, without the grossness of Walpole. He appeared as if he never felt an insult, or immediately did he forgive it. His face was very plain, and his features coarse, but his smile was heavenly. You could not see him without becoming attached to him. He left all his cares and arts in the House of Commons, and was no longer a minister than whilst on the Treasury bench.' To corroborate Fox's opinion of Lord North's wit, we may relate the following anecdote:—Lord North generally disregarded invectives; but when he saw an occasion of retort, his wit turned the laugh of the House against his opponents. Thus, when Alderman Sawbridge presented a petition from Billingsgate, and accompanied it with much vituperation of the minister, Lord North began his reply: 'I will not deny that the worthy alderman speaks the sentiments, nay, the very language of his constituents,' &c. He was often asleep in the House, but when an opponent exclaimed: 'The noble lord is even now slumbering over the ruin of his country, asleep at a time'—'I wish to Heaven I was!' muttered Lord North, opening his eyes on his discomfited opponent.

VI.

Fox's early entrance into official life, and his intercourse with ministers, do not, however, appear to have inspired him, on the whole, with any great respect for courts and cabinets. As one of the lords of the admiralty, and afterwards of the Treasury, he obtained an insight into official life which merely served to reveal to him the internal organization of government; for nearly the whole of his after-life was past in the exciting and stormy atmosphere of opposition. Even while seated on the ministerial side of the House, he experienced a strong leaning towards liberal opinions. Some of his ideas were strikingly at variance with the received prejudices of the age, and, indeed, may be described rather as the growth of a poetical and romantic mind, than as the mature convictions of a legislator. The reason, perhaps, may be, that he entered much too early upon

the consideration of great social questions, which have perplexed the understanding of philosophers and statesmen of the greatest wisdom and experience in human affairs.

However this may be, he soon found it impracticable to co-operate with the minister, notwithstanding his heavenly smile and social qualities. Horne Tooke, it appears, had written an article for the *Public Advertiser*, in which he attacked Sir Fletcher Norton, then Speaker of the House of Commons. Woodfall, the printer, was called up to the bar, and readily gave up the author of the obnoxious article. But Horne Tooke, pleading his own cause, and the evidence breaking down, the anger of the House reverted to the printer. Lord North desired that he should be committed to the gate-house, but Mr. Fox, in order to place him under the protection of the city, proposed that he should be committed to Newgate, which gave unpardonable offence to his chief, especially when the opposition moved that he should be placed in custody of the serjeant-at-arms, and through the division among the ministerialists, carried their point by a large majority. Soon afterwards, Mr. Fox was dismissed from office with marks of studied insult. While seated on the Treasury bench, a letter was handed to him, conceived in the most offensive language; and to render the insult more pointed, it was brought him by a common door-keeper. This curious document was as follows:—

'His Majesty has thought proper to order a new commission of the Treasury to be made out, in which I do not perceive your name.

NORTH.

TO THE HON. C. J. FOX.'

Thus delivered from his political trammels, Fox was now at liberty to join the liberal party, to which, by his genius and temper, he properly belonged. But from taking this step he was still restrained by considerations of filial piety. He knew that his going publicly over to the Opposition would have greatly afflicted his father, and he therefore postponed the declaration of the change which had taken place in his mind, till Lord Holland's death had rendered all reserve on this point unnecessary. He now, therefore, took his stand among the antagonists of ministers; and for more than thirty years, with very brief intervals of official life, shed the glory of his eloquence over the Opposition benches. While in office, he had never lent his support to some of the most obnoxious acts of the minister, had never countenanced the proceedings against America, but had condemned every attempt to tax the colonies without their own acquiescence. Burke welcomed with open arms the seceding ora-

tor, who was destined at a future day to eclipse him in the senate, to take the lead of the liberal party out of his hands, to acquire unparalleled popularity throughout the country, and, by exciting in the elder statesman's breast the feelings of disappointment, resentment, and envy, to drive him to support the cause of legitimacy and authority, which the whole character of his mind ought to have led him to espouse from the first. Still, Burke performed distinguished services for liberal principles during the great contest with America. Again and again did he fill ministers with dismay, denouncing their projects, unmasking their principles, and revealing in glowing language to the public the crimes and delinquencies by which a state, priding itself on the patronage of freedom at home, sought to enslave that portion of its citizens who had taken up their abode in one of its distant dependencies.

VII.

It is impossible, in this brief view of Mr. Fox's career, to criticise his several speeches, to point out their merits or defects, or to mark all the various stages by which he ascended to the highest position in parliament as an orator and a statesman. The misfortunes of his times enabled him to display all his wonderful abilities in the defence of freedom and humanity. Burke, with boundless ingenuity, and the inexhaustible resources of knowledge and imagination, advocated the cause of America. Fox stood by his side, inferior in age and experience, inferior in general acquisitions, inferior in the practice of oratory, but superior in warmth, in tenderness, in unaffected humanity, in generosity, and in genius. The one astonished the House; the other melted it into the love of what was right. The one appealed to the reason, or, with rhetorical flourishes, to the passions; the other went directly to the heart, and, by awakening all the noblest feelings of our nature, succeeded in rousing those who were not bound by the chains of official dependence, into an open condemnation of the wrongs which England was then inflicting on her transatlantic children.

It would be satisfactory to be able to represent Fox as equally great and estimable in the relations of private life; but this, unfortunately, is not to be done. His passion for gaming, and his love of pleasure, kept him for ever in difficulties, notwithstanding the ample fortune he had inherited from his father. He was constantly beset by Jews and money-lenders, and there was a little back-parlour in his house in South Street on which he bestowed the name of the Jerusalem Chamber, because it was there

he habitually contended with the Israelites. His perpetual state of pecuniary embarrassment must have reconciled him to the inheriting of a sinecure from his father, which however, he soon disposed of for considerably less than its value. By way of illustrating the shifts to which his pecuniary difficulties led him to have recourse, we may borrow a story from Horace Walpole, which, though incorrect in some particulars, is admitted by Lord Holland to be true upon the whole:—In the summer of this year, a woman who had been transported, and who, a few years before, had advertised herself as a *sensible woman*, who gave advice on all emergencies for half-a-guinea, was carried before Justice Fielding by a Quaker, whom she had defrauded of money under pretence of getting him a place by her interest with ministers, to whom she pretended to be related. She called herself the Hon. Mrs. Grieve, and gave herself for cousin to Lord North, the Duke of Grafton, and Mrs. Fitzroy. She had bribed Lord North's porter to let her into his house, and as her dupes waited for her in the street, they concluded that she had access to the minister. Before Fielding, she behaved with insolence; abused the Quaker, and told him she had disappointed him of the place because he was an immoral man.

Her art and address had been so great, that she had avoided being culpable of any fraud for which she could be committed to prison, and was dismissed, the Quaker only having power to sue her at common-law for the recovery of his money, and for which suit she was not weak enough to wait when at liberty. But the Quaker's part of the story would not have spread Mrs. Grieve's renown, if a far more improbable dupe had not been caught in her snare. In a word, the famous Charles Fox had been the bubble of this woman, who undoubtedly had uncommon talents, and a knowledge of the world. She had persuaded Fox, desperate with his debts, that she could procure him, as a wife, a Miss Phipps, with a fortune of £80,000, who was just arrived from the West Indies.

There was such a person coming over, but not with half the fortune, nor known to Mrs. Grieve. With this bait she amused Charles for many months, appointed meetings, and once persuaded him that as Miss Phipps liked a fair man, and as he was remarkably black, he must powder his eyebrows. Of that intended interview he was disappointed by the imaginary lady's falling ill, of what was afterwards pretended to be the small-pox. After he had waited some time, Mrs. Grieve affected to go and see if Miss Phipps was a little better, and able to receive her

swain; but on opening the door, a servant-man, who had been posted to wait upon the stairs, as coming down with the remains of a basin of broth, told Mrs Grieve that Miss Phipps was not well enough to receive the visit. Had a novice been the prey of these artifices, it would not have been extraordinary; but Charles Fox had been in the world from his childhood, and been treated as a man long before the season. He ought to have known there could not have been an Hon. Mrs. Grieve nor such a being as she pretended to be. Indeed, in one stroke, she had singular finesse; instead of asking him for money, which would have detected her plot at once, she was so artful as to lend him £300, or thereabouts, and she paid herself by his chariot standing frequently at her door, which served to impose on her more vulgar dupes.

His experience, from this time forward, lay chiefly among the members of the liberal party, and among others, he became acquainted with Sheridan, though at what period is not exactly known. Lord John Townshend gives the following account of their first meeting, and of the impression they made on each other:—‘I made the first dinner-party at which they met, having told Fox, that all the notions he might have conceived of Sheridan’s talents and genius from the comedy of *The Rivals*, &c., would fall infinitely short of the admiration of his astonishing powers which I was sure he would entertain at the first interview. The first interview between them—there were very few present, only Tickell and myself, and one or two more—I shall never forget. Fox told me after breaking up from dinner, that he had always thought Hare, after my uncle Charles Townshend, the wittiest man he ever met with, but that Sheridan surpassed them both infinitely; and Sheridan told me next day that he was quite lost in admiration of Fox, and that it was a puzzle to him to say what he admired most—his commanding superiority of talents and universal knowledge, or his playful fancy, artless manners, and benevolence of heart, which showed itself in every word he uttered!’

There exists, unfortunately, no means of discovering in what manner Fox at this period conducted his studies. We are told, indeed, by traditional anecdotes, that after expending half the night in the wildest dissipation, he used frequently to sit up during the remainder with a wet towel tied about his temples, reading the great orators and poets of antiquity. His ideas of what kind of knowledge is useful to a man, were not by any means those which are generally received. Yet we are not to infer from his

fondness for elegant literature, and his contempt for political economy, that he devoted his time to frivolous acquisitions. On the contrary, it is perfectly clear, both from his speeches and from the circumstances of his life, that he was deeply versed in history, particularly that of our own country; and not only so, but that he had rendered himself familiar with our legal antiquities, with the nature of the laws as they then existed, and with the principles which should regulate their reform in all succeeding ages. He gave up much time to the reading of *Blackstone’s Commentaries*, partly, no doubt, through admiration of the style in which they are written. In one of his letters, he observes: ‘You of course read Blackstone over and over again; and if so, pray tell me whether you agree with me in thinking his style of English the very best among our modern writers—always easy and intelligible, far more correct than Hume, and less studied and made up than Robertson.’ At the same time, he pursued his classical and poetical studies, from which it is evident he derived the greatest advantage. Homer was his favourite author, and next to him Euripides, who had likewise the honour of inspiring the same preference in Milton. Another of his favourites was Ariosto, whom he preferred to Tasso, for the luxuriance of his imagery and the grand sweep of his imagination. Afterwards, when he undertook to give advice to others, he dwelt with peculiar emphasis on this branch of reading. ‘I am of opinion,’ he says, ‘that the study of good authors, and especially poets, ought never to be intermitted by any man who is to speak or write for the public, or, indeed, who has any occasion to tax his imagination, whether it be for argument, for illustration, for ornament, for sentiment, or any other purpose.’ As was natural, he held Demosthenes in the highest estimation, and recommended the study of his speeches to his nephew, Lord Holland, in a way which deserves to be remembered:—

‘As to your studies, I am sorry they are not more intense, but not much surprised—the Fitzpatrick indolence will come out. However, I am glad you have begun Herodotus, whom I was quite sure you would like; there is a flow, and ease, and pleasantness in him, that I know in no other prose-writer. I used to think the second book about Egypt one of the most entertaining; though, perhaps, the account of Xerxes’ expedition and the affairs of Greece is more interesting. If you do not like algebra, I cannot help it; the liking of such studies or not is mere matter of taste; and if one does not feel them pleasant, I know no way of being persuaded that they are so. But with

respect to Demosthenes, if you go on, and are shown the good parts of him, I think you cannot but see in him a superior force of understanding and expression to all other writers. I am so convinced of this, that if you do not feel it at first, I would advise you to read him over again; and desire some of those who admire him to point out to you the passages most to be admired, and the beauties of them, and to make yourself quite sure that it is not owing to inattention if you think less of him than I do. I never read anything of his in the original, except the first Philippic, the three Olynthiacs, and the *Ἰλεπὲς Σερσίππου*; but I not only admire them very much, but the passages which I read, ill translated from him as I guess, in Gillies' History, this year, have greatly confirmed the opinion I had of him. There is a force and pointedness in him arising naturally out of the *business*, and not produced by any far-fetched or affected antithesis, to which all orators are forced to have recourse to avoid flatness and dullness, that is in my judgment peculiar to him.'

Burke seems never to have set much value on the society of women; but Fox, quite consistently with his love of poetry, and of whatever else is beautiful or graceful in nature, seems always to have delighted greatly in female society, in which he probably acquired his partiality for that easy idiomatic English observable in his speeches. Among his friends was Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Crewe, to whom he addressed a copy of verses, which it may be worth while to give here:—

'Where the loveliest expression to features is joined

By nature's most delicate pencil designed;
Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,

Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the heart;

Where in manners enchanting no blemish we trace,

But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face;

Sure, philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove

Defences unequal to shield us from love!

Then tell me, mysterious enchanter—O tell

By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,

My heart is so fenced that for once I am wise,

And gaze without love upon Amoret's eyes;

That my wishes, that never were bounded before,

Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more.

Is't reason? No; that my whole life will belie,

For who so at variance as reason and I?

Is't ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,

Nor allows any softer sensation a part?

O no; for in this all the world will agree—

One folly was never sufficient for me!
Is my mind in distress, too intensely employed,
Or by pleasure relaxed, by variety cloyed?
For, alike in this only, enjoyment and pain
Both slacken the springs of those nerves which they strain.

That I've felt each reverse that from fortune can flow,

That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,

Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,
Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife.

But, though versed in th' extremes both of pleasure and pain,

I am still but too ready to feel them again:

If, then, for this once in my life I am free,
And escape from a snare might-catch wiser than me,

'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms,
For though lightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness that warms.

As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,

But feel not their warmth, though their splendour we praise,

So beauty our just admiration may claim,
But love, and love only, our hearts can inflame.'

VIII.

The admirers of Fox in his own age, and that which immediately succeeded, were much too Quixotic in their defence of his irregularities. They pretended that the rankness of the weeds only proved the excellence of the soil. They would appear to have forgotten that when we write, our paramount duty is that which we owe to the public; and that, consequently, whether treating of friend or foe, we are constrained to be impartial, to censure failings and excesses, to condemn vices, and to bestow our praise on great and good qualities wherever they exist. In Mr. Fox's case, it must be acknowledged that he performed immense services for the cause of freedom; but at the same time, it is not to be dissembled, that had his private life at this period been less blameable, those services would have been much greater. It is no doubt true that a man has a right to frame his own theory of happiness, in which he is to consider himself as well as the public; but no scheme of philosophy, however large or lenient, will enable us, even in self-defence, to make an apology for gaming or habitual intemperance.

We should be lost in a multitude of minute details, did we attempt to follow Mr. Fox through every stage of his parliamentary career. No great question was brought before the House of Commons in which he did not take a part. The House and the public were dissatisfied till they knew his opinions; while his friends in the legislature never calculated on success unless when they could reckon on the aid of his splendid abilities.

In advocating the principles he upheld, and in defending his own opinions, he rather resembled the orators of antiquity, than the speakers of an age in which the relics of feudal manners were still suffered to exhibit themselves. Plain truth can never be commonly spoken, or the interest of an empire be faithfully served, in a senate among whose members the practice of duelling prevails. Among the members of such an assembly the feeling should be, that they are responsible only to the public, so that no private considerations whatever may interfere with the revelation of their inmost thoughts. This was Fox's conviction, and in strict conformity with it he acted. The ministers of the day being in extreme want of supporters, held out very strong inducements to all who would desert the liberal party, and give the aid of their talents or their votes to the government. Among the converts of this class, in 1780, was a Mr. Adam, who, having acted with the Opposition up to the close of one session of parliament, was found at the commencement of the next on the Treasury benches, his reason having probably in the interval been convinced through his interests. Possessing considerable ingenuity, he stood up in the House, and gave a tolerably specious history of his transformation. With this, however, Mr. Fox was not satisfied. He accordingly arose, and with an unsparing hand stripped the learned gentleman of all his pretexts, excuses, apologies, and subterfuges, and left him naked and helpless in the midst of the senate, chafed, galled, and infuriated at the disgraceful exposure. Agreeably to the practice of the times, Mr. Adam now bethought him of repairing by pistols what he had lost by logic, and sent Mr. Fox a challenge. The duel was fought, and both still remained alive—the one to plunge still deeper into obscurity; the other, to rise to the heights of political renown, and to wreath his name with glory as one of the greatest statesmen, and incomparably the greatest orator of the freest nation in modern times.

IX.

All this while, Fox distinguished himself by his attacks on the American war; and in his speech on the declaration of war against Holland, drew a startling parallel between Russia and England, maintaining that the former had increased in power and influence ever since the accession of Catherine, whereas, from the moment George III. had appeared upon the scene, this country had rapidly declined in resources and renown. He took, as Burke also did, a correct view of the American struggle. He did not regard the revolted colonists as enemies, but

as friends, alienated by ill-usage; and in all his addresses to the House, persisted in drawing the most touching picture of the ties that had been broken, of the warm affections that had been quenched, and of the natural desire which both parties should have felt to be found side by side with each other contending against some common foe.

If we have at all succeeded in conveying an idea of Mr. Fox's character, it will already be felt that he was a man of great political wisdom, of immensely extended views, of the most unquestionable patriotism, and, in spite of his own defects and failings, one who earnestly desired to promote the happiness of the majority. His heart was large, and embraced, as it were, the whole kingdom in its sympathies. He was very full, too, of faith in human nature. Experience could not teach him that moral skepticism, which induces men to doubt the results of actions the most harmless, when not regulated by secular prudence. He had an inexhaustible store of romance in his nature; he thought the passions and feelings of the heart might be allowed to develop themselves without injury, not remembering that we no longer live in that '*bella età de l'oro*,' when truth, as one of our poets expresses it, was on every shepherd's tongue.

In this temper of mind, he brought forward his bill for the amendment of the Marriage Act, originally introduced by the aristocracy for the protection of property, and the privileges of great families. Though belonging strictly to their order, Mr. Fox felt no sympathy with their social policy; he thought more of the happiness of individuals—though, to speak our opinion frankly, we think it may be doubted whether what he intended for the public good, would not have turned out in practice to be an inexhaustible source of mischief. The object of his bill was to do away with the necessity of bans or license, and to fix the majority of men at eighteen, and of women at sixteen. This measure further provided that no marriage was to be declared null, or by any suit at law, after the parties had lived together as man and wife for one year.

When speaking in defence of his own views, Fox drew an extraordinary picture of the evils resulting from the established system. In reply to the argument, that the reason of parents ought to regulate the predilections of children, he proved to the satisfaction of the House, that if stern reason alone were consulted, marriage in most cases would never be contracted at all. He maintained, that where their own happiness is concerned, the most illiterate are better able to judge than the wisest philosophers; and that in what regards the passions, the heart of youth is

wiser than the hoary head of age. On this subject, he was opposed by Burke, whose colder nature left him free to consult the ordinary dictates of prudence.

'A meeting of the Whigs,' says Alison, 'was held to consider this great schism which had broken out in their party, and the following resolution appeared in their official journal, the *Morning Chronicle*, on the subject:—"The great and firm body of the Whigs of England, true to their principles, have decided on the dispute between Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke; and the former is declared to have maintained the pure doctrines by which they are bound together, and upon which they have invariably acted. The consequence is, that Mr. Burke retires from parliament." Mr. Burke, in alluding to this resolution, said, on the same night, that he knew he was excommunicated by one party, and that he was too old to seek another; and though in his age he had been so unfortunate as to meet this disgrace, yet he disdained to make any recantation, and did not care to solicit the friendship of any man in the House, either on one side or the other.'

The following is the summing up of the Tory historian:—"Nothing can be imagined more characteristic of both these illustrious men, and of the views of the parties of which they severally were the heads, than the speeches now given. On the one side are to be seen warm affection, impassioned feeling, philanthropic ardour, vehemence of expression, worthy of the statesman who has been justly styled by no common man, "the most Demosthenian orator since the days of Demosthenes." On the other, an ardent mind, a burning eloquence, a foresight guided by observation of the past, benevolence restrained by anticipation of the future. In the impetuosity of the latter in support of the truths with which he was so deeply impressed, there is perhaps some reason to lament the undue asperity of indignant prophecy; in the former, too great stress is laid upon political consistency under altered times. But time, the great test of truth, has now resolved the justice of the respective opinions thus eloquently advanced, and thrown its verdict with decisive weight into the scale with Mr. Burke. There is, perhaps, not to be found in the whole history of human anticipation, a more signal instance of erroneous views than those advanced by Mr. Fox, when he said that the French constitution was the most stupendous fabric of wisdom ever reared in any age or country; that no danger was to be apprehended to the balance of power in Europe, now that France had obtained democratic institutions; and that, if that great power was subverted, no peril was to be apprehended to European liberty

from the strength or ambition of Russia. On the other hand, all must admit the extraordinary sagacity with which Mr. Burke not merely predicted the consequences to itself and to Europe, which necessarily would arise from the convulsions in France, but also pointed out so clearly that vital distinction between the Anglo-Saxon and the Gallic race on the shores of the St. Lawrence, and the remarkable difference in their capacity to bear democratic institutions, which was destined not to produce its natural effects for half a century, and of which we are now only beginning to see the ultimate results.'

The House, however, declared, by a large majority, in favour of Fox's measure, which was sent up triumphantly to the Lords, the very authors of the bill against which it was directed. Its fate, accordingly, was never doubtful from the beginning, for though several peers spoke in its favour, the lateness of the season was adduced as an overwhelming argument against going into the consideration of so important a subject. It was therefore laid aside, and never again introduced into either House.

X.

His motions against Sir Hugh Palliser's appointment to be governor of Greenwich Hospital, and against the Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty, excited a large share of attention at the time, but involve no principle of permanent interest. In conjunction with Burke, however, he incessantly led the attacks which the Opposition made upon the government. Ministers, unsuccessful abroad, covered with opprobrium by their mismanagement of the American war, and further damaged by the rashness with which they involved the country in fresh contests in Europe, were now beginning to feel their incapacity to stem the torrent of parliamentary hostility. The most lavish corruptions failed to procure them a sufficient number of adherents in the House of Commons. Their majorities perpetually diminished; their eloquence and their confidence dwindled together. The country became impatient of their control, and indignant at the burdens they so uselessly heaped upon it. In the spring, therefore, of 1782, Lord North's administration came suddenly to an end, and the task of organising a new ministry devolved upon the Marquis of Rockingham. This nobleman stood high in the estimation of all his liberal contemporaries, who bestowed upon him praises which it would now be difficult, perhaps impossible, to justify. No doubt, he possessed many moral qualities of a high order. He was generous, frank, unselfish, and appeared to enjoy a peculiar

gratification in elevating genius to its proper eminence. He was, accordingly, respected and beloved by all around him, and his memory is still encircled by a brighter halo than that which surrounds the names of much greater men. Under him, Fox accepted the post of secretary for foreign affairs. The views of the new minister were highly liberal and enlightened. The public measures for which he was said to have stipulated with the court before he would consent to enter into any negotiation for office, were these:—1. Peace with the Americans, and the acknowledgment of their independence not to be a bar to the attainment of that object. 2. A substantial reform in the several branches of the civil-list expenditure, on the plan proposed by Mr. Burke. 3. The diminution of the influence of the crown; under which article, the bills for excluding contractors from seats in parliament, and disqualifying the revenue-officers from voting in the election of members, were included.

The new ministers, to prove themselves in earnest, immediately entered upon their duties, setting on foot the preliminaries of a peace with the United States, taking steps for the conciliation and better government of Ireland, introducing into home affairs the principle of economy and retrenchment, and giving promise of the most important services and advantages to the country. The death of the Marquis of Rockingham, which happened in July, clouded this brilliant prospect. The Earl of Shelburne, who succeeded him, was in no way calculated to realise his enlarged scheme of government, and everything reverted into the old track of jobbing, corruption, and the preferring of private before public interest. Even before the death of the late premier, Fox had made the discovery, that it would be impossible for him, with his ideas of public faith and honour, to remain in the cabinet. It is not unlikely that he entertained the hope, which his great genius and knowledge fully justified, of succeeding to the premiership; and when he saw a man every way his inferior placed over his head, he may have expressed that disgust which a great man in such situations naturally feels. But he would probably have repressed his indignation had the measures of ministers been such as he could have approved of. They were the direct contrary; and he therefore retired to the more congenial post of leader of the Opposition. His theory of political administration may, perhaps, be censured as Utopian. He aimed at a disinterestedness and a purity of motive scarcely reconcilable with the form of the British constitution, and in almost perpetual seclusion from office, paid the penalty of his political stoicism.

The Earl of Shelburne's administration, like that of his predecessor, was destined to be extremely short-lived. In the month of February, 1783, he gave in his resignation. A ministerial interregnum followed, during which the affairs of the kingdom remained in great disorder, without any responsible government at home, the finances neglected, the military establishments unreduced, and the negotiation with foreign states, then of the greatest importance, completely at a stand.

XI.

To this succeeded an extraordinary ministry, formed by a coalition between the Whig and Tory parties. In this, Mr. Fox, unfortunately for his character for consistency, consented to take a part. His thick-and-thin admirers, neglecting their own characters, in their eagerness to defend his, are unable to discover anything blameable in this transaction; but we are constrained to take a different view of the matter, and to agree with those who severely censure his acceptance of office in such a cabinet. Burke's biographers have found themselves in much the same dilemma with those who have undertaken to whitewash Fox. It is much better to acknowledge frankly the faults and inconsistencies of those whom you admire, than, by seeking to attribute to them what they never possessed, to have your own judgment called in question on all other occasions.

Fox now betook himself to the study of Indian affairs, and to the framing of that bill which has obtained so great a celebrity in our history. It was a measure of mixed character, based on an imperfect knowledge of Indian affairs, but exhibiting in parts a faithful application of those great principles of government to which he was all his life sincerely attached. His speeches, however, on the subject, as well as those of Mr. Burke, were tinged with strong prejudices against the East India Company, whose supporters, on the other hand, may be said to have provoked severe condemnation by their extravagant eulogiums and pretensions. About the middle of December, it became evident that the coalition could no longer maintain its ground; but there was a very general impression, both in parliament and in the country, that Mr. Fox would now rise to the first post in the councils of the state, and be able to impress his own grand character on the public transactions of the period. An influence, then irresistible, prevented the realisation of this hope. George III. had conceived a personal antipathy against Fox, which led him to declare, he would sooner leave the kingdom, and retire to Hanover, than accept him as his prime minister. To give vent to

this feeling, he contrived the most offensive method possible for dismissing Mr. Fox and Lord North. Mr. Frazer and Mr. Nepean were ordered to wait at midnight on these two ministers, to require them to deliver up their seals of office—as a personal interview, they were informed, would be disagreeable to the king.

Mr. Pitt was now made First Lord of the Treasury; he had discovered the means of securing to himself the countenance of the court, and thenceforward, almost to the period of his death, wielded despotically the destinies of the empire. Immediately on his accession to power, he entered into a contest with Mr. Fox, which was carried on with very doubtful success during three months in the House of Commons. On the one side was arrayed all the power of the crown—then extremely formidable—with the entire strength of the Tory party, and whatever the administrative could put in practice to insure a majority; on the other, the unparalleled genius, eloquence, wit, and knowledge of Mr. Fox, all the brilliant leaders of the Opposition, a chivalrous spirit of liberalism, and the unequivocal approbation of the country.

These antagonistic influences were soon engaged in a struggle out of doors. In 1784 occurred the famous Westminster election, which supplied a stage on which the court and country parties exhausted all their resources. The great Whig families, particularly the house of Devonshire, enthusiastically supported Mr. Fox. The beautiful dutchess is said to have ridden through Westminster with a fox's tail depending from each of her carriage windows. Her canvass was incessant. She waited upon nearly all the electors, and is said to have won a vote from a chivalrous butcher by allowing him to kiss her. Whatever money and influence could effect was, on the other hand, accomplished by the court. The agents of ministers roamed through the borough; menaces, surmises, insinuations of danger, were lavishly employed to sway the decisions of the electors. It was regarded as a regular stand-up-fight between the people and the court. Nothing could surpass the state of excitement into which the whole metropolis was thrown. Mr. Fox was elevated into a sort of popular idol; and when he was on his way to Westminster, to pronounce those harangues which shook the whole empire, and resounded to the furthest corner of the civilized world, people fought with each other to obtain a glimpse of him on the street, paid lavishly for a seat at a window in the streets through which he passed; while little boys were brought out by their fathers, and held up enthusiastically, that they might cherish throughout the remainder

of their lives the recollection of having seen the man. When we now read the speeches and addresses delivered on that occasion, we are sometimes led to wonder at the effect they produced; but half the power of eloquence consists in its adaptation. The great oration for the crown, the mightiest display of oratory known to the records of mankind, fail now to awaken those sentiments of enthusiasm and intense admiration to which they gave birth in the Athenian Agora. The same remark will apply to Fox's speeches delivered in Palace Yard. The people saw before them the champion of their rights, and, what was more, the antagonist of the court, which they detested. They came fully disposed, therefore, to applaud what he should say; and when they listened to the music of his voice, to his resounding language, to his thrilling appeals to every popular sentiment, to his denunciation of the minister, to his enumeration of grievances on one hand, and acts of oppression on the other—their fervor was raised to its highest pitch, and they became utterly insensible to the allurements of court flattery, and even to the witchery of gold.

Fox, therefore, was returned for Westminster by an immense majority; but the popular party soon found that they had not yet triumphed. A method was invented by the minister for defeating their wishes, and, at the instigation of the unsuccessful candidate, a scrutiny was set on foot, which it was resolved should be interminable.

XII.

Excluded from parliament by this manœuvre, Fox and the popular party had recourse to another system of tactics. He was elected for the Scotch boroughs of Dingwall and Kirkwall, and appeared in his place to watch over the proceedings of his unscrupulous adversaries. After eight months of vexatious delay, the high-bailiff of Westminster was summoned to the bar of the Commons, and questioned respecting the prospects of the scrutiny. He confessed that in the way things had hitherto been carried on, the process would extend through four years at least, which appeared to be so scandalous an act of power, that it was not to be endured. After a severe struggle, in which the minister exerted his utmost authority, and tarnished his character, the House of Commons decided in favour of Mr. Fox, who was acknowledged to have been duly elected, and who afterwards brought an action in the courts of law against the high-bailiff, and recovered £2000 damages, which he distributed among the charities of Westminster.

The period which immediately followed was one of extreme vexation and defeat to the whole liberal party, at the head of which Mr. Fox now stood. He had been content for many years to follow Mr. Burke; he had then for awhile divided public respect and admiration with him; he now, with the force and vivacity of superior genius, advanced beyond him, and took up a position which his rival could not regard without the most painful feelings. This, it must be acknowledged, was but too natural. Fox enjoyed all the advantages of family connection, and could bring to bear upon parliament the united force of the Whig aristocracy; he was, besides, a man of warm feelings, enthusiastic, sociable, and preëminently popular in his manners. He won upon people by his happy smile, by the sunniness of his countenance, by the sweetness of his voice, by the simplicity and unaffectedness of his manners.

Burke commanded advantages of a different kind. He possessed the rare merit of being the artificer of his own fortune; he rose from the ranks. It was his genius that, wherever he went, distinguished him from those around. His conversation was beyond comparison dazzling and magnificent; he overtopped, he outshone every one who came in contact with him. Fox himself seemed to be an ordinary person when Burke was pouring forth the riches of his convivial eloquence; but when the cause was withdrawn, the effect ceased. Burke contrived to render himself agreeable, useful, and sometimes necessary to the great; but, as a rule, people did not love him. He was retired, thoughtful, uncommunicative, and at times unsociable. It is matter of no surprise, therefore, that he did not carry along with him the affections of the many, as Mr. Fox unquestionably did.

In parliament, the great point now was to accomplish a reform in the representation. Mr. Pitt sought for awhile to appear favourable to the improvement of our institutions, while he really regarded all progress in that direction with a jealous and hostile care. At the same time, we should probably allow that the leaders of the liberal party, including Mr. Fox himself, were not always as judicious as they might have been. At all events, they sought to carry nothing by conciliation, but taunted and goaded those in authority with the most reckless disregard of consequences. Fox especially distinguished himself in this course of proceeding. If he brought about reform, he did not wish to obtain it as a boon from the minister, but as a conquest achieved over him by the force of public opinion. Cautious politicians may condemn this policy; but it is, after all, extremely

problematical whether reformers ever gain much by temporising and concession-making. To a weak people or popular party, nothing is yielded by authority; whereas they who have the power to take if they choose, are seldom refused when they condescend to ask.

XIII.

We at length arrive at the period of George III.'s madness, on which it would be disagreeable to dwell. Fox stood on the side of the Prince of Wales, and advocated his claim to exercise the regency by right; while Pitt, for very obvious reasons, took the opposite side. The discussion of this subject was carried on with extreme acrimony. In the journals, in the House of Commons, in the Peers, and even in the country, Fox lost a portion of his popularity by his adherence to the cause of the prince, who was disliked on account of his extravagance and his vices. He was generally believed, moreover, to have been married secretly to a Roman Catholic lady, which incensed the Protestantism of the nation, and led it to regard with something like horror his accession to the throne, however transient and temporary. The ministerial party triumphed in parliament. Mr. Fox, under pretext of ill health, precipitately retired to Bath; and the king's recovery, soon afterwards, put an end to the difficulties of the situation.

We now approach the period in Mr. Fox's life which may be said to have imparted to it, as it did to so many of his contemporaries, his distinguishing characteristic. In July, 1789, the Revolution broke out in France with the storming of the Bastille; and the whole of Europe may be said to have felt at once that a mighty change had been effected in all the elements of civil society. By a kind of instinct scarcely susceptible of explanation, men ranged themselves into two parties—the one standing by the old principle of government, the other going over to the new. Mr. Fox, it is well known, was among the latter; his mind in its entire structure had a democratic tendency. With all his simplicity, modesty, and humility, he evidently recognised no superior in the world; not because he was insincere in his profession of the above-named virtues, but because he believed that all lead and power in human affairs ought to belong exclusively to intellect and virtue. In other words, he was persuaded that the business of the world should be carried on by those who are best qualified to conduct it.

Burke, as others have already observed, ought never to have joined the liberal party.

Excepting the accident of birth, he had nothing in common with the people; and if, during many years, he advocated popular rights, and appeared to be actuated by popular sympathies, it was rather through the force of circumstances than through any predilections of his own. His ideas of reform were capricious and inconsistent. Turned away by his imagination, he sometimes appeared to be swayed by ultra-democratic principles, but speedily retreated from the position he had rashly taken up, and took refuge under the shadow of the feudal system. He was, besides, not at all endowed with the spirit of martyrdom, and he looked upon perpetual exclusion from office as nothing less. Had the Rockingham administration, or even the coalition, proved durable, he might have been able to justify to his reason his profession of liberal principles. It had been his fate, however, to encounter the sufferings usually allotted to those who struggle for abstract right without the enthusiasm by which they are in most cases supported and comforted. When a man believes himself to be toiling for the good of the world, he encounters afflictions with pride, makes sacrifices cheerfully, endures poverty, obloquy, and neglect without repining; and if it be his chance to meet an obscure death, and to pass away without having achieved his object, he has still the inward consolation of having aimed at what was noble, and of pronouncing with his last breath a sincere parting blessing on his race.

Burke, as we have said, had nothing of this disposition in his nature. It was his wish to run a career of ambition, from which he was probably withheld by becoming accidentally the private secretary of Lord Rockingham. Had that nobleman been a Tory, Burke would at once have found his right place in our political system. As it was, he got entangled with reformers, and found no plausible opportunity of escape till the French Revolution, by alarming the privileged orders throughout Europe, traced out a path by which defection without absolute disgrace was rendered practicable.

XIV.

From this time forward, Fox and Burke were found in opposite camps; and while the former regarded the circumstance with profound regret and affectionate sorrow, the latter seems to have rejoiced at it as a happy deliverance—first, from the galling sense of inferiority as a popular leader; and second, from the necessity of upholding a theory of government for which he had never experienced any sincere attachment. The rivals

now employed all the forces of their mind in recommending their views to parliament and the nation. Fox thought the time was come for the universal triumph of liberty and justice; while Burke, on the other hand, experienced the conviction that all the grandeur and glory of the world were departing for ever. How could they then continue friends? Fox, with his genial heart and unparalleled magnanimity, would have conceded to his old associate the privilege of abusing the new principles without offence; but Burke, smarting under the consciousness of something like apostasy, regarded every enthusiastic declaration in favor of the new order of things as a tacit reproach to himself, or even as a personal affront. Events speedily precipitated them against each other. During the debate on a bill for giving a new constitution to Canada, the rupture took place. Burke had just then published his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, which had completely severed his connection with the Whig party. Into a criticism on that famous production, we shall not now enter; it will be sufficient to say, that it was directly at variance with all the author's former speeches and professions, and the symbol, as it were, of a new political creed. Fox regarded the defection of his old friend with feelings of the deepest regret; but in his speech on the Quebec Bill, as it was called, in which he deprecated the division of the province, and clearly foretold the evils and inconveniences which afterwards arose from the measure, he made some observations which applied, or were supposed to apply, to Mr. Burke's attack on the French Revolution. Any one who reads those remarks dispassionately will discover no just grounds of offence in them. But Mr. Burke was not present when they were delivered, and probably heard from some officious friend a grossly distorted account of their import. On the first occasion that offered, therefore, he appeared in his place in the House, and with a fury and violence almost beyond description, made a general assault on all those who had adopted what he termed the new principles of government. Instead of confining himself to argument or reasoning, he indulged in the most damaging insinuations against Mr. Fox and his friends, whom he accused of treasonable designs to subvert the constitution and destroy the prosperity of their country. The language in which he made these charges was so vehement and reprehensible, that he was frequently called to order, and ultimately compelled to desist and sit down by the universal feeling of the House.

Mr. Fox on seconding Lord Sheffield's motion—'That dissertations on the French

government were out of order on such an occasion—observed that no occurrence throughout the whole course of his life had ever taken place which so severely attacked both his feelings and his principles as the charges which were directly and indirectly—by innuendo and by implication—made against him by the right honourable gentleman. He particularly felt them at this crisis, and he peculiarly felt them in coming from the man whom he had ever flattered his understanding and his pride with believing to be the friend and patron of his knowledge, actions, sentiments, opinions and principles. It was a matter of the utmost concern to him to find that the space of twenty-five years had been so ill employed as at the conclusion of it to be obliged to acknowledge that the only poignant pain of mind he had endured was that which he suffered from the man who first and best *taught* him what it was to feel. He said he was sorry to find himself bound to support the motion; and much more so, that his right honorable friend had made it necessary, by bringing on an extraneous discussion in a manner which was not only unfair, but which he could not but think a direct injustice to himself. If the right honorable gentleman's object had been to debate the Quebec Bill, he would have debated it clause by clause, according to the established rule and practice of the House. If his object had been to prevent dangers apprehended to the British constitution from the opinions of any man or set of men, he would have given notice of a particular day for that particular purpose, or taken any other occasion of doing it rather than that on which his nearest and dearest friend had been grossly misrepresented and traduced.

Further on in the speech, alluding to the time when Burke and he had fought the battle of freedom side by side, he said that, 'when Washington gained a victory, they mutually rejoiced; when Montgomery fell, they mutually wept; when they agreed, they agreed like men; when they differed, like philosophers; nor did they ever differ till an occurrence happened which, both as men and philosophers, should have made them reciprocally happy, and he was firmly persuaded would have done so, had not the demon of discord interfered, and slyly disseminated the contentious seeds between them in an unlucky moment.

XV.

But the seeds of discord had in reality been sown, and their friendship was to be brought on that day to an end. Burke had come evidently prepared to make the sacri-

fice, and eagerly offered up the intimate of three and twenty years on what he called the altar of the constitution. While the gorgeous rhetorician was pouring forth his anathemas against France, and ostentatiously lamenting the consequences to himself, Fox whispered, 'there was no loss of friendship.' Burke replied that there was, and proceeded to show the impossibility of their ever more going on cordially together. When he sat down, Fox rose to speak, but his emotions overcame him. He burst into a fit of tears, and persons present on that memorable night relate that his sobbing was even heard in the gallery. Not a murmur, not a whisper was heard throughout the House, which preserved for several minutes a reverential silence. When he had in some degree mastered his feelings, he proceeded to express, in language the most touching ever used by an Englishman, his sorrow at the occurrence of that evening. He sketched the history of their friendship, of which he had obviously entertained the most exalted idea; he dwelt on the happiness it had procured him, and on the hope he had cherished that it would last during life. But the die was cast—Burke was not to be moved; and from that day forward the two great orators, who had hitherto kept side by side, moved in separate orbits, and were impelled by motives directly the reverse of each other.

It would be wholly impracticable, in this brief review of Fox's career, to recount his political labours during this eventful period. The tide soon turned against him. The French Revolution, after exciting in this country the most wide-spread admiration and enthusiasm, began by degrees to awaken alarm. A feeling of alienation was generated; and the sincere friends of liberty, who lamented and condemned the excesses of the people of Paris, were involved by the British public in its hostility against the Revolution. Fox, meanwhile, steadfastly maintained the political ground he had taken up—not that he approved of all he saw done in France, but that he expected a better state of things to arise out of the confusion and anarchy in which he saw her plunged.

Pitt, through a concurrence of circumstances, had now acquired something like a parliamentary dictatorship, and wielded the whole resources of the nation with irresistible sway. Burke poured forth letter after letter, and volume after volume, against the French Revolution. Of the friends of liberty, some lost heart, and became indifferent; others retired from public life; others deserted their principles, and went over to the enemy. Fox, however, remained firm at his post, and with the fire of his eloquence, the comprehensiveness of his views, and the

grandeur of his sentiments, preserved many from waxing faint. Still, there was no great reaction in the public mind, till after having plunged into war with France, and uselessly expended £100,000,000 in ways not to be described or believed, some feelings of remorse were awakened in the country, which began to give expression to a desire for peace. But the star of slaughter was now in the ascendant, and all the efforts made by the friends of humanity proved fruitless.

XVI.

In this state of public affairs, Mr. Fox began at length to think of retirement. He had never relinquished the pursuit of his beloved classical studies. From personal defeat, and the humiliation of his party in the House of Commons, he had taken refuge in the philosophy of Homer and Euripides, whose magic numbers, like the harp of the prophet, had power to still the turbulence of his soul. As early as 1796, he commenced a correspondence with Gilbert Wakefield on classical subjects, which was carried on for five or six years in the midst of party warfare and political excitement. A sketch of what he thought and said on this subject would form a beautiful chapter in his life, but within our limits it cannot be introduced. We must hasten on to the period of his marriage and his residence at St. Anne's Hill.

It boots not now to inquire why a man of affections so warm, and passions so powerful, waited till his fiftieth year to take to himself a wife; it is our business merely to relate the fact. That he was warmly attached, however, to the woman of his choice, cannot be doubted, any more than that the few later years of his life spent in her society, and under her influence, were the happiest he ever knew.

St. Anne's Hill, near Chertsey, was an extremely beautiful place. From its window, London was visible in the distance, and the intervening country has all the charms and attractions belonging to an English landscape. It is verdant, clothed partially with woods, diversified by hill and dale, and rendered cheerful by the flashing of sparkling brooks and streams. Here Fox spent his days like a philosopher. In summer, he rose between six and seven; in winter, before eight. After breakfast, which took place about nine o'clock, he usually read some Italian author with Mrs. Fox, and spent the interval till dinner in the study of Greek authors, particularly the poets. He dined between two and three in summer, and about four in winter, and after taking a few glasses of wine, finished the repast with

coffee. The afternoon was dedicated to walking and conversation, till tea-time, when reading aloud or writing commenced and continued till near ten. From one of his letters to Gilbert Wakefield, we find that he never neglected his classical studies, but continued with unabated ardour the perusal of those great authors, whose works he had admired from his earliest youth:—'I wish to read some more, if not all, of the Greek poets, before I begin with those Latin ones that you recommend; especially as I take for granted that V. Flaccus (one of them) is, in some degree, an imitator of Apollonius Rhodius. Of him or Silius Italicus I never read any; and of Statius but little. Indeed, as during far the greater part of my life the reading of the classics had been only an amusement and not a study, I know but little of them beyond the works of those who are generally placed in the first rank; to which I have always more or less attended, and with which I have always been as well acquainted as most idle men, if not better. My practice has generally been *multum potius quam multos legere*. Of late years, it is true that I have read with more critical attention, and made it more of a study; but my attention has been chiefly directed to the Greek language and its writers, so that in the Latin I have a great deal still to read; and I find it a pleasure which grows upon me every day. Milton, you say, might have reconciled me to blank verse. I certainly, in common with all the world, admire the grand and stupendous passages of the *Paradise Lost*; but yet, with all his study of harmony, he had not reconciled me to blank verse. There is a want of flow, of ease, of what the painters call a free pencil, even in his blank verse, which is a defect in poetry that offends me more perhaps than it ought; and I confess, perhaps to my shame, that I read the *Fairy Queen* with more delight than the *Paradise Lost*: this may be owing, in some degree perhaps, to my partiality to the Italian poets.' A light supper concluded the day, and at half-past ten the whole family were in their beds.

Like the statesmen and philosophers of antiquity, Fox was much addicted to gardening, and often speaks in his letters of the pleasure with which he watched the coming signs of spring, the crocuses and other early flowers, that

'Come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.'

He was peculiarly fond of roses, of which he cultivated thirty kinds in his grounds; and in simple occupations such as these, he forgot, or endeavoured to forget, the fiery excitement of the House of Commons, the pleasure

of political contention, and the admiration of applauding audiences.

XVII.

He now devoted himself also to another pursuit—that of literature, and began the history of James II., to collect materials for which he projected a visit to Paris. This he undertook in the summer of 1802, in company with Mrs. Fox, Mr. (afterwards Lord) St. John, and his private secretary, Mr. Trotter. On the way, they made excursions into Holland and the Netherlands, proceeding by easy stages, and enjoying as they went along a great deal of light reading in the carriage. On this occasion, they went through *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones*, whose intrigues and adventures enabled them to while away the hours till they arrived in the French capital.

Here we think Mr. Fox gave proof of one of his most remarkable weaknesses. He had all along persuaded himself that Napoleon was the friend of freedom, and of this preposterous idea he did not cure himself even by the near observation of what was going on in Paris. He does not appear, as many have supposed, to have had any political object in view, but simply to consult the memoirs of Bouillon, from which he made numerous valuable extracts. His days he spent among the public archives; his evenings, in society; and one passed with Talleyrand at Neuilly is thus described by his secretary. 'The circle at M. Talleyrand's in the evening was at first agreeable and entertaining. The variety of character was great and striking; the Italian princess, German duchess or prince, members of the ancient French nobility, strangers of rank and talent, literary characters, ambassadors, their secretaries or friends, members of government, senators, &c. The poet and the philosopher mingled in the crowd; yet all was conducted with elegance and attention. Here Mr. Fox met various distinguished men, and conversed with every one with ease and vivacity. The house at Neuilly was large and handsome; the distance from Paris, five miles. It was, however, much more agreeable at this season of the year, and in extremely hot weather, to drive out to the evening circle than remain in town. After some hours—except a select few invited to a supper—the company dispersed.'

Mr. Fox remained in Paris till the month of November, 1803, when he returned to England, to attend to his duties in parliament. Here, on one occasion, he was supported by Mr. Pitt, and in return seconded a motion which that statesman brought forward. Together they overthrew the

wretched administration of Mr. Addington, and Pitt again became prime minister; but instead of giving Fox a place in his new cabinet, which would have inspired the entire kingdom with satisfaction, the premier, jealous of all interference with his authority, sternly excluded his rival from all place and power.

In this proceeding there was so much littleness of mind, that the whole Grenville party, including Mr. Wyndham, from whom Mr. Fox had been separated by the events of the French Revolution, returned to him. Pitt did not long enjoy his triumph; worn out by cares and intemperance, and weighed down by remorse for the condition into which his policy had brought the country, he sank a few months afterwards into the grave. And now was formed what has been called the ministry of All the Talents, in which Fox held the office of secretary for foreign affairs. His faith in Napoleon was not yet entirely dissipated, and he hoped, through negotiation, to effect a peace between France and England. While his diplomacy was proceeding, a man came to him one day at the Foreign Office, and made a formal proposal to proceed to Paris and assassinate the Emperor; clearly pointing out the means by which success might be attained. Fox, as might have been expected, listened to the proposal with extreme horror and disgust, and dismissed the speculative assassin in the way which he thought most becoming. This was well. The dagger cannot be suffered to enter into our system of international relations, because it would soon reduce us to a state worse than barbarism. But it may be questioned whether Mr. Fox was justified in the step he afterwards took, when he communicated the proposal to Napoleon himself. The Emperor's words to the minister through whom the communication was made were these: "I recognise here the principles of honour and virtue by which Mr. Fox has ever been actuated. Thank him on my part."

XVIII.

The country, however, was not destined long to enjoy the benefit of Mr. Fox's talents, whether as a statesman or diplomatist. His constitution had been for some years breaking up; his body increased in size, his extremities diminished, and it ultimately became apparent that dropsy had supervened. All that medical skill could accomplish was done to preserve so valuable a life, but the complaint baffled the skill of his physicians, and on the 13th of September, 1806, he died without pain, and almost without a struggle.

The character of his patriotism and his eloquence may, we trust, be gathered from our brief narrative. Some have endeavoured to represent him as inferior to Mr. Burke, which, in extent of reading and variety of acquirements, we think he was. He never exhibited that richness of illustration, and that exuberance of fancy, for which his great rival was distinguished. But in native genius he rose far above him, as well as in those qualities of the heart which chiefly endear a man to those around him. In order to do justice to Fox, however, it is by no means necessary to disparage either Mr. Burke or Mr. Pitt. They were both, in their way, very great men. From the study of the writings left us by the former, there is no man who may not largely profit; and the speeches of the latter are models of a very magnificent style of eloquence. But we are mistaken if either of them was ever loved by his friends or by the country as

Mr. Fox was. Indeed, we know of no public man in our history who could fairly be said to equal him in this respect, and this in spite of many defects of character, which often appeared to be on the point of ruining him altogether. The innate goodness of his heart, however, triumphed over everything. With the simplicity of a child, he confessed his faults, and sought to make amends for them. He was, accordingly, the idol of the liberal party in his own age, and has ever since been regarded as the model of a popular statesman who seeks sincerely to promote the good of mankind, without any reference to his own private interests. Fox was, in fact, without selfishness. He delighted in being loved by the public, and was, beyond measure, greedy of its approbation. But he cared for nothing beyond. Artificial distinctions, wealth, titles—he despised them all, and cared only to live in the hearts and memories of his countrymen.

THE BOTTLE AT SEA.—A couple of anecdotes have floated to us in illustration of the article* entitled "Bottled Information." A correspondent mentions that Sir Duncan McGregor, then an officer of the thirty-first regiment of infantry, was on board the Kent, East Indiaman, when it was burnt to the water's edge, in the Bay of Biscay. As soon as the fire broke out he hastily wrote a few lines describing the situation of the vessel, and threw them overboard in a bottle. Four years afterwards, being quartered at Barbadoes, he was walking on the shore very early in the morning, when he espied something in the water. The waves washed it to his feet, and it proved to be the identical bottle he had launched before being providentially saved from the flames in the Kent!

The other story is related by Mr. Benjamin Franklin Bourne, an American ship-captain, in a recently published account of his adventures among the giants of Patagonia. After three months' detention among those huge savages, during which time he suffered great hardships, he made his escape; and having reached Borgia Bay, opposite Terra-del-Fuego, he landed. "We found on shore inscriptions of California-bound vessels. On a branch of a tree, overhanging a little stream, we found also a bottle suspended containing papers. This was taken on board, and its contents examined. Three or four vessels passing through the Straits, had left memoranda of their experience,—such as snow-storms, loss of spars, anchors, chains, &c. Captain Morton [Mr. Bourne's floating host] wrote a humorous account of our voyage to deposit in this repository of curiosities; and I added a contribution, narrating my capture by the Indians and escape, with a request that if it should fall into hands bound for the United

States or England, it might be published." Mr. Bourne had previously written letters to the United States, had carefully left them to be sent through the post, and had never doubted that his relatives and friends were in full possession of his adventures through that usually exact channel. It turned out, however, that all his letters miscarried; and that the bottled information he had suspended from a tree, in a wilderness not visited by man many times in the course of a year, very soon afterwards made its appearance at full length in the Boston Atlas newspaper! It happened that some Indians found the bottle, sold it to a passing trader, who forwarded it to Smith's News Rooms, at Boston, United States. The advertising powers of a bottle hung upon a tree did not end there. In the course of the homeward voyage, Mr. Bourne visited the Fire Fly, Captain Smith. When his name was announced, a young lady on board instantly asked him if he was the hero of the captivity of Patagonia? He was astonished at her knowledge of his adventures; but it turned out that the young lady had landed at Borgia Bay, and, having seen the bottle, read its contents, and replaced them, before the Indians took it away.

BRUTES GIVE NO INDICATION OF IMMORTALITY.

—The unbeliever's argument from the mortality of the souls of brutes, is well confuted by DEAN SHERLOCK. "For though we allow them to be immaterial, they have no natural indications of immortality; they have no happiness or pleasures but what result from, and depend on, their bodies: and therefore however God disposes of them after death, as far as we can judge, they are not capable of any life or sensation when they are separated from this body."—*Of the Immortality of the Soul*, p. 112.

*Living Age, No. 513.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE COUNTESS'S WEDDING DAY.

AN ANECDOTE DRAMATIZED.

SCENE I.—*A Winehouse in Basle.*

COUNT ROSENTHAL.

WAGNER, a Gentleman.

HERMAN and STEINBERG, Students.

Other Gentlemen and Citizens. (All drinking and smoking.)

STEINBERG.

Silence! The captain of our revelries
Vouchsafes a song.

ALL.

Hear Count Rosenthal's song.

ROSENTHAL (*sings*).

The Rhine is a beautiful river,
A river of beauty is Rhine,
And it flows through a land divine;
But the loveliest flow,
Of the Rhine in its glow,
Is the flow of its flushing wine.
Oh, the Rhine, the Rhine!
Bright river of mine!
I will drink to it—love it—
But, never drink of it.

The Rhine is a mighty river,
A river of might is the Rhine,
Its strength is a thing divine;
But the height of its power
Is felt in the hour
When we yield to the force of its wine.
Oh, the Rhine, the Rhine!
Strong river of mine!
Let me drink to it—love it—
But never drink of it.

The Rhine is a glorious river,
A river of glory is Rhine,
It has looked upon deeds divine;
But its brightest fame
Shines out in the name
Of its world-renowned wine.
Oh, the Rhine, the Rhine!
Famous river of mine!
I'll drink to it—love it—
But never drink of it—
(*The rest join in chorus, and shout, 'Bravo Hurra!'*)

HERMAN.

Health to Count Rosenthal, himself once more!
And when I shall have wealth to pay the
sculptor,
As by and by I may, I'll have old Rhine
Done in the manner of our classic rivers,
But, with a difference. For a crown of reeds
He shall have ripe grapes, with broad vine-
leaves mingled;
And for their scanty vase, a tun we'll give him,
Pouring forth wine; while shoals of tippy fishes
Shall roll and tumble in the gorgeous liquor.

STEINBERG.

Ha! ha! a rich conceit!

I too will drink

Health to the Count and his recovered spirits.
But thereupon, Count, if a man may ask,
Where did you gather such a cloud about
Your noble soul, as you to-night brought with
you?

WAGNER (*to STEINBERG*).

Nay, urge him not, you will bring back his
mood.

And you have done it too. I am older here
Than you, and know the Count. But mark
him now—

You'll see another man than we are wont.

ROSENTHAL.

(*After a pause, and as if making an
effort to free himself from painful
thoughts.*)

Well, sir, I'll tell you.

Friends! it seems not well.

When honest fellows meet, as we meet now,
And hearts are set a-glow by mutual touch
Of brother-hearts, and all their generous
warmth

Stirred to a lava-heat by foaming cups
Of this same Rudesheimer—

(*He raises the goblet towards the light
of the lamp, and looks at it.*)

—to-night, at least,

Our host hath served us bravely!—

I say, perhaps,

At such a time you scarce will deem it fair
A man should let his thoughts run idly back
To his own door.

STEINBERG (*half aside*).

And one monotonous wife.

ROSENTHAL.

You challenge me too far, sir.

HERMAN.

Count, your pardon.

Steinburg has touched a string—I grant it,
rudely,—

That for some reason, to your ear to-night,
Will make no music. Be it so. But now,
You warmed us with the praises of old Rhine,
The wine-begetter. Ere you tell a tale,
Which, if the poem be an honest herald
Of what's to follow, may with colder thoughts
Smoulder the social fires yourself have cher-
ished,

Let me have leave to follow out the strain
With the like wholesome verse, and then we'll
hear you.

(*sings*)

When manly hearts are met in union,
And wine speeds on the pulse's current—
When all is brotherly communion,
And freedom's words have friendship's war-
rant,

Let boys go hang on vows of woman ;
I ask no tones more true, more tender,
Than those with which each good and true man
Clothes soul in intellectual splendor.

The stir of life, the thrill of danger,
The warrior-contest, fierce and gory ;
The distant realms from whence the stranger
Returns to tell his startling story ;
The bar, the senate, and the altar,—
O'er all their genial spirits dash on
With eager zeal, or pause and falter,
As breathes or burns each varying passion.

Oh, keep me far (be this between us)
From scenes where love with folly harbourz ;
I scorn alike those haunts of Venus,
The wax-lit ball and moonlit arbours ;
And more and worse were my repining,
If married life's dull ocean bore us—
Alone with Julia, daily, dining,
And lulled each night with baby-chorus.

STEINBERG.

Count Rosenthal, with what good appetite
We may, our ears would now take in your tale
Of home—and *wife*, no doubt.

ROSENTHAL.

Sir, I am ready,
Nor ask I why you speak thus. True, I am
married ;
A merit you have not, in spending here
So much of your good company. A wife
Heaven has accorded me (for no desert
Of mine, let heaven be witness), of whose vir-
tues,
Not I alone, but the best man I know of,
Were all unworthy. Meek she is, yet wise ;
Most mild and patient, but yet never sullen ;
Affable ever ; of that yielding nature,
The slightest pressure of her husband's will
Bears down submission in her to the depth
Of silent acquiescence ; whence again
It springs, obedient to a word, a look
Of his, up to the very topmost height
Of gay humour that becomes a woman.
And all this world of goodness—this sweet
realm,
Moist with the dew of truth (too oft with tears),
Is lighted by the sun of intellect,
From which your college-trained, world-ripened
men,
Might catch more light than they can bring
to it.

STEINBERG.

Why, here's a paragon, and all unknown !

ROSENTHAL.

'Tis her delight to be so. That I am not
Uxoriously given, though so blessed,
But rather blamable in the opposite sense,
My daily constancy of fellowship
With you here can speak of me. Oft I've seen
The sunlight on the grape-empurpled hills
As I have sought my door (not easily found,

Perchance, at last), and deep St. Alban's bell
Tolls nightly, *one*, before I lift the knocker.—
Who opens ? not a menial ! Groom and house-
wench

Snore at their ease ; and the more delicate
damsel,
Whose office is to wait upon my lady,
Dismissed long hours ago, dreams she is walking
Under the lindens, on the river-terrace,
With Franz her lover. Their most gentle
mistress

Thinks almost ruth to take their daylight ser-
vice,
And would not task them for one hour of night.
But that's not all. She would not they should
know,

And tell abroad—for what they know they tell—
That every night the Count of Rosenthal
Stays with the wine, and brings home stagger-
ing proof

He liked his company. The very watch-dog
Is schooled to silence, when his master's hand
Lets lightly fall the wolf's head.—Wait I long ?
Scarce the low sound along the corridor

Has crept, some seconds, when a sweet, low
voice

Whispers, 'My Philip !' And ere I can answer
(For well she knows the touch, and she hath
learned

The well-known step along the silent street
Waking low echoes), opened is the portal,
And —

STEINBERG.

Our nightbird is caged ! to hear reproaches,
Not loud, perhaps, but deep ; felt, at the least,
If he but look upon the tear-washed visage
Of his o'erwearied mate.

ROSENTHAL.

Nor look, nor word
Betrays impatience. The natural fresh hue—
The bloom that early hours and inward peace
Paint on the cheek—how can I hope to find ?

WAGNER (*aside*).

More shame to him that plants pale lilies there.

ROSENTHAL.

But, in its stead, the crimson glow of joy,
The overflowing of the heart's deep fount,
Spreads over her meek face, and beams in light
Out of her liquid eye ; and did her lips
No word of welcome breathe, they have a lan-
guage

To which your syllables are scant of meaning.

HERMAN.

More wine here, drawer, and some fresher weed
Of dark old Afric's curling !

STEINBERG.

Aye, by Bacchus !
Some of us here—and those that have known
better,
And taught the rest—into such melting strain
Are fallen to-night, it shames our brotherhood

WAGNER.

Proceed, Count.

ROSENTHAL.

Few words more, and I have ended
A tale, unmeet, I own, for scene like this.
However, 'tis my first offence, and may be
My last of this kind :—mark you now the cause.
It blew a nipping gale this afternoon,
And snow was falling, when I rose, with purpose
To hasten hither. As her wont is, Gertrude
Came with me to the threshold—partly, to see
I wrapped me in my fur-lined roquelaure,
And partly that a farewell word, not caught
By other ears, she might commit to mine.
'Philip,' she said, 'this is our wedding-day :
Do you remember?—Well, I spoke not of it,
Though much I thought, before ; for I would
not,

Even to enjoy your company at this time,
Bar your familiar pleasure with your friends,
Or disappoint theirs. Yet I will adventure
This poor request—come early home to night.
I have a little banquet—but for us two—
Prepared by my own hands ; and in my boudoir,
The snug low room you love so, we will share it.
It may be, 'twill bring on some quiet talk
Of times—of scenes—I know you've not for-

gotten,
Though—as it fares with men more than with us,
That have more leave to brood on indoor me-
mories,—

Things present may o'ershade them.' Silently
I turned, no promise made ; and if, at times,
I may have seemed unlike myself, unapt
To ride the rougher currents of enjoyment,
I would not have my friend here swear I'm
wife-sick,

Or sigh for home.

The very leader in a saintly chorus,
When the high-arched roofs reverberate
The praise of the Almighty, will sometimes
(For all are human) find some earthly image
Float in upon his soul, unasked, and mar
All his delight in that solemnity ;
Then his voice falters, and his look is vacant.
Now ours, though Bacchus were the deity
They feign him, were (you'll own) no service,
here,

To be compared with his.

HERMAN.

We will go marry,

Steinberg : Lo, what an earthly paradise !
This foolish celibacy shuts us out from !

STEINBERG.

Think you not, if a man could peep in, now,
Over the lattice, into that same boudoir,
He'd find—the Count still absent—his fair dame
Cheerily supping with a friend or two,
Who could not longer wait ?

HERMAN.

Or having supped,

And often sipped the Rhenish, she now sleeps
Too sound for any gentle noise to wake her.

STEINBERG.

And, by a loud one wakened, what a rain
Will follow on that thunder !

HERMAN.

Mingled with
What sharp reverberations of the peal,
In shrill articulate tones !

ROSENTHAL.

Good, merry friends—

STEINBERG.

Your pardon Count ! What says the enemy
Of late good-fellowship, old Time, the watcher ?
I cannot see the clock, the smoke's so thick here !

ROSENTHAL.

Midnight—and something more.

STEINBERG.

Have we your leave,—
'Tis late perhaps,—to be your escort home,
And share, as friends, in your reception there ?

ROSENTHAL.

With all my heart ! And here I promise you
A welcome kind to all : modest submission,
Most wife-like, to myself, in everything.
'Faith, and I'll tell my wife you come to sup :
And, none but she being awake, she shall,
With her own hands, enlarge that little banquet,
And in a room more suited to our number,
Orderly set it, with all courtesy
That can become your hostess and my wife.

HERMAN.

She will not do it—'tis impossible !
I'll bet with any one here, she'll not do it.

WAGNER.

I take your wager, for a dozen pitchers.

HERMAN.

Here to be emptied, honestly, to-morrow.

WAGNER.

Agreed. Now let us go.

STEINBERG.

We'll all go.

ROSENTHAL.

Come !
(*They hurry out confusedly*)

SCENE II.—*A Room in Count Rosenthal's House. The Countess, seated at her work-table. She listens, looks round the apartment, rises, again listens ; then sighing, once more seats herself.*

COUNTESS.

All silent still ! How late it grows ! I thought,
This once, at least—on such a night, too !—Nay,

But I'll not grieve; it were both wrong and foolish.

(She takes her lute, plays a solemn air, and sings:—)

Silence and darkness, solitude and sorrow,
In combination! Can I cheerful be?—
And wherefore not, since I can voices borrow,
Society, and light, and peace, from Thee!—
My God, from Thee!

I will not waste one breath of life in sighing,
For other ends has life been given to me;
Duties and self-devotion—daily dying
Into a higher, better life, with Thee—
Dear Lord, with Thee!

Strong in thy strength, though in myself but
weakness,
Equal to all I know that I shall be,
If I can seize the mantle of thy meekness,
And wrap it around my soul, like Thee—
Blest Lord, like Thee!

(She rises, and goes to the looking-glass.)

Tears? I will wipe away all trace of them!
They have no business here. And, here, some
tresses—

The chesnut ringlets he admired so, once—
Escaped their net-work bondage, droop un-
sightly.

My dress, too! *(Adjusts her hair, &c.)*

Now it is better, and more like
Myself, or what I would be. Negligence,
Native or studied, sits as ill on woman
As a fantastic niceness. Oh, how oft,
In the impatient lavish time of girlhood,
Long hours—ere yet the carriage at the door
Waited, to whirl me to the late assembly—
I have wasted at my toilet, thinking, then,
(Poor silly one,) that, as my own heart throbb'd
With wild expectance, other hearts would an-
swer,

Among the flattering groups I longed to meet.
One year of wedded life, what change it works!
Sweeter to me, a thousand-fold, the power
To win back one estranged heart,—yet, no!
No! not estranged, a heart divided only,
The better half is mine still!—to call home
That wandering moiety of a husband's love,
Than see the world, without him, at my feet.—
A step? *(She listens; still, as if ar-
ranging her ornaments, &c.)*

Ah, no! not yet—

What am I doing?

Have I no way but this?

*(Leaves the mirror, seats herself, and
takes up a volume.)*

It might be so,

Had I a husband weak, unmanly, frivolous,
As mine is the reverse—a noble mind,
Misled by the heart's warmth, and too much trust
In the fidelity of friends, that swear
Eternal fealty over this night's bowl.
And with to-morrow's headache the slight oath
Cancel, or turn to a base profit—Come,
Guide of my life, the Book of Life! instruct me
In a more noble way, and better suited
To charm whom Heaven has given me!
How readily the holy volume opens of itself,
Where,—showing we must stoop, as once He
stooped,

Who bowed beneath our burden, bore our
griefs,—

Thus the Apostle teaches: 'Wives be subject,
Each to her husband, that if any turn
A cold, contemptuous ear to the Great Voice
From Heaven, they may be gained yet, by the
charm

Of your pure manners, and submissive respect.
Adorn yourselves you may; but be it less
With plaited locks and golden ornaments,
And rich apparel, than with unseen graces,
Imperishable beauties of the soul,—
A meek and quiet spirit; which God's eye
Esteems your brightest jewel. Thus, in old
time,
The holy women did!—

Steps! many voices,
Hastening this way! They stop—It is his
Knock?

What should I fear? I come!

*(She goes out; but presently returns
led by the Count, and followed by
Wagner, Herman, and the rest.)*

ROSENTHAL.

The lady we late spoke of gentlemen—
The Countess Rosenthal. *(They salute her.)*

WAGNER.

I blush to think,
Lady, you should have done the porter's office,
For us, or any one.

COUNTESS.

Oh, think not of it!
It is my custom, when my lord comes home.

ROSENTHAL.

These worthy gentlemen—my friends—are
come
(A little late for fashion, it may be,
But lay the blame on me) to favour us
With their good company an hour to-night.

COUNTESS.

They are most truly welcome; being yours,
They must be my friends, too.

ROSENTHAL.

And, gentle Gertrude,
Late though it is, we have not supped to-night.
Let us have supper served, and presently.

COUNTESS.

In such poor form as I myself can do it,
Our household being in bed, it shall be done
Most gladly, with all diligence.
(She retires.)

STEINBERG.

I am amazed!

HERMAN.

And I delighted. Count,
You own a treasure!

STEINBERG.

How are we to pass
The hour (it can't be less) till supper comes?
Books! may I venture, Count? a lady's
chamber,
With all its pretty nicknacks—might one handle
them—
Affords, methinks, but meagre entertainment
For college youths. Ha! here's the Bible—
open!

HERMAN.

And here a book of prayer.

STEINBERG.

I had expected
A tale of fiction, or some modern lay,
Half jest, half sentiment; where love and
fighting,
State-craft and fairy-lore, were mixed together
In the witch cauldron of a seething brain.

WAGNER.

In the old time,—But Rosenthal is lost
In thought.

ROSENTHAL.

(*Rousing himself.*) I listen, sir.

WAGNER.

In ancient times,
Men spake in parable unwelcome truth.
Prophets, and One greater than all the prophets,
Chose this way to men's conscience—as, the
seer,
Who woke the sleeping sense of guilt in
David's.

ROSENTHAL.

And what of this?

WAGNER.

There was a man (since Adam),
Whom God led by the hand, and in a garden
Placed, as one greatly loved; a place not large,
Nor largely varied; but yet full of sweetness,
Enriched with fruitage good alike for food
And for the eye. The man was young and
fickle.

So, for a little while, he was well pleased
With his new Paradise, and lived content
Within its bounds: but soon its sweetness
palled.

Without, was a wild scene—mountain and vale,
Dark wood and solemn cavern; and, above,
The heaven as various answered to it,—here,
Fierce with hot sunshine; there, o'erhung with
storm;

And swept by whirlwinds or the sounding rain.
But, in its very wildness, the man's eye,
Impatient growing of his serene abode,
And sick for change, saw beauty. He escaped,
Despite this mandate given—'Here is thy
home—

Without lies danger: quit it not.' And, day
Succeeding day, and month on month, far forth
Wandered, to bask in sunnier glades, or feed

His soul's wild longings with the rush of winds.
Or bathe in some cold spring among the hills,
Or listen to the avalanche's sweep;
Only returning, half reluctantly,
At nightfall, to his less-loved resting-place.
At length, God met him where he roamed at
large.

'Return no more,' said then the voice divine;
'I have not found thee worthy. Follow, now,
The path thy rashness chose. An angel's hand,
By me commissioned, hath thy peaceful home
O'erwhelmed in one wide ruin. But deem not
The world without will wear for thee hence-
forth

The same seducing charm!' From that day
onward,
Wandering, he wanders still—that thankless
man!

Nor finds he rest, nor solace save in snatches,
As one pursued, and hungering in his flight,
Grasps at the fruit that overhangs his road,
And swallows it in dread, and unenjoyed.

ROSENTHAL.

But what is this to me?

WAGNER.

I am that man!

I loved, and won the lady of my love;
And she was beautiful, and good as fair.
But my vain youth grew weary of possessing
Her I had longed and striven for. In wild riot
And jovial delights—as men mis-name them—
I sought new pleasures and neglected her.
One night I had drunk deep, and later stayed
With loose companions than my custom was.
A servant met me in the way home. 'Sir,'
With tremulous, hurried voice he cried, 'my
mistress!'—

The name, the tone, struck to my heart; a chill
Ran through me. 'What of her?'—Sir, she is
dying!

And I reached home in time to hear her say,
'Why did you leave me thus?' Nor e'er
again

Spake she. From that day like the Israelite
They fable of, (alas, I fable not!)
I wander o'er the world,—to pick up crumbs—
Who scorned as rich a feast as you do now,
In yon sweet lady.

ROSENTHAL.

This indeed strikes home!

(*A pair of folding-doors opens, and the
adjoining apartment appears, lighted
up, and presenting a table elegantly
set out. The Countess advances.*)

COUNTESS.

My lord, 'tis ready, as you willed. I fear me,
Kind gentlemen, being untrained to this,
My inability has taxed your patience.
Yet what I could is done. Good appetite,
And pleasure to you all! I am some thing
weary,

And it is late. My husband! have I leave
Now to retire—to pray and take my rest?

ROSENTHAL.

Gertrude, 'tis well. Good night!

COUNTESS.

Good night to all!

(Exit.)

ROSENTHAL.

The wager, friends! Wagner you'll allow,
Has fairly won.

WAGNER.

'Would I had not, at such
A cost! And, for this banquet,—spread
By hands so little meant for such coarse task,
That not a man of us but passed his merits
Were honored might he kiss them on his
knee,—
By heaven, I'll touch it not!

HERMAN.

Nor I!

STEINBERG.

Nor any one.

(WAGNER rushes out, followed by all but
ROSENTHAL.)

ROSENTHAL.

What, is it even so? I am justly served;
Who trifled with an angel's love, to please
These shallow boys, and now am scorned by
them.

(He seats himself, and hides his face
with his hands. Withdrawing them
he perceives the Countess's Bible;
reads a short space, then kneels. The
Countess returns.)

COUNTESS.

All silent here! I heard them hastening out,
And the door closed on their retreating steps.
My husband, too? Had he the heart again—
(She perceives ROSENTHAL.)

Ah, no! thank heaven! And he is kneeling;
still

More earnest thanks for that! (ROSENTHAL
rises.)

My love, my lord!

Philip! what means all this? Why are they
gone

So hurriedly, leaving you on your knees?

ROSENTHAL.

'Tis the right posture, dearest,—not alone
To heaven, but to yourself; for I have both
Offended. All this year I have been mad.
But I am sober now,—your own true Philip.
I'll never enter tavern while I live,
But I will be to you all I then was—
And more—when your mere presence was to
me

Complete society, and the wine-cup
Tasteless, compared with this. (Kissing her.)

COUNTESS.

No more! no more!

Lest a too ample promise swallow up
Performance. Kneel once more! and I will
kneel,

And jointly let us beg our Father's blessing,
To ratify and solemnise that vow.

Now, to our rest! I have had, I now can
say,

In spite of all, a Happy Wedding-day.

TWO CAPS WORN UNDER THE HAT, FOR GRADUATING THE CIVILITY OF UNCOVERING—IN GERMAN.—“Dost thou not know in thy conscience, that there are many in England (as well as in other places) that bow and uncover the head to the rich, giving them titles of Lords, Masters, Sirs, but do not so to the poor, who are in vile raiment. And suppose thou didst never observe this partiality in any person (which is hard to believe), yet I can tell thee how I have seen it in some of thy brethren: And the English merchants or others, that travel in some places in Germany, can tell thee, that the preachers there, and especially at Hamburg (which I have seen with my eyes), use such gross partiality in their salutations, that commonly they have two caps under their hat; and the poor, except extraordinarily, they pass by, without any notice: to others they doff the hat: others more rich in the world, they salute with doffing the hat and one of the caps: and to those whom they most honour, or rather flatter, they give the hat and both caps. What degrees of partiality are here! But tell me, in good earnest, Dost thou put off thy hat unto all whom thou meetest in the street, if they put not off unto thee? And dost thou not make some difference at least in the manner of

thy salutations; as the way of many is, to give the half cap unto some, and the whole unto others; and to others, both the cap and the knee?”—George Keith's Rector Corrected.

VIEWS OF A SKEPTIC IN SPORTING PARADOXES.

—“The reason, perhaps, why men of wit delight so much to espouse those paradoxical systems, is not in truth that they are so fully satisfied with 'em, but in a view the better to oppose some other systems, which by their fair appearance have helped, they think, to bring mankind under subjection. They imagine that by this *general Scepticism*, which they would introduce, they shall better deal with the dogmatical spirit which prevails in some *particular subjects*. And when they have accustomed men to bear contradiction in the *main*, and hear the nature of things disputed at *large*; it may be safer (they conclude) to argue *separately*, upon certain nice points in which they are not altogether so well satisfied. So that from hence, perhaps, you may still better apprehend why, in conversation, the *Spirit of Raillery* prevails so much, and notions are taken up for no reason besides their being *odd and out of the way*.”—Shaftesbury's Characteristics.

From the Morning Chronicle.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR WILSON.

ANOTHER light of literature has gone out—an eccentric light, indeed—a light of many hues—a light sparkling, scintillating, flashing, sometimes like a meteor, sometimes like a kaleidoscope, sometimes like a bonfire. True it is, and sad it is, that for several years back that light has been gradually becoming dimmer—that the glory of the “Noctes” was being by degrees quenched—and that we have reason to believe that the last few articles which appeared in “Ebony,” in cunning imitation of Christopher North, were not the productions of his pen. True, when he ceased to write, he is reported to have left a good stock of Northisms in his archives, and thus *Blackwood*, like the

“Monks of Melrose.

Had good kail brose,

As long as their neighbour's lasted ;”

but when they failed, the manufacturing trade soon failed also.

The story of Wilson's life may be told in a few words. His origin and early days are, indeed, summed up in a paragraph in a letter from Sir Walter Scott to Miss Bailie:—

“The author of the elegy upon poor Grahame is John Wilson, a young man of very considerable poetical powers. He is now engaged in a poem called the “Isle of Palms,” something in the style of Southey. He is an eccentric genius, and has fixed himself upon the banks of Windermere, but occasionally resides in Edinburgh, where he now is. Perhaps you have seen him; his father was a wealthy Paisley manufacturer—his mother a sister of Robert Sym. He seems an excellent, warm-hearted, and enthusiastic young man; something too much, perhaps, of the latter quality, places him among the list of originals.”

Previously to this, he had been a student at the Glasgow University, entering at the age of thirteen, and proceeded, in his eighteenth year, to Oxford, where he entered Magdalen College as a gentleman commoner. Here he began to display his poetic powers, and gained the Newdigate prize for a poem. It was after leaving the University, the discipline of which never suited his taste, that he became smitten with the genius of Wordsworth, and repaired to the Lakes, bought a small property, called Elleroy, and cultivated the acquaintance of the “Great Lake Poet,” becoming himself, in the latter days, the “Admiral of the Lakes,” and acting as such when Bolton entertained Canning and Scott with a splendid water fête on the Windermere. In these days Wilson

played many wild feats. He attended all the fairs, fights, running matches, races, and so forth, in the country. He was a capital boxer, singlestick-man, and wrestler, no great sportsman, except as an angler, and now and then in pursuit of the red deer. For some time he took up his abode amongst the gipsies, learned a great deal of their slang, and adopted their costume and their habits. Afterwards he partially settled down, and went to study law in Edinburgh. As might be expected, little profit resulted from this experiment, but he took to literature, and produced several isolated works, such as the “Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,” which attained great popularity, and the “Trials of Margaret Lindsay,” a pathetic Scottish story.

But two things occurred in Edinburgh about 1818—the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University became vacant, and Maga was established. Wilson immediately became a candidate for office in the one, and contributor to the other. Sir Walter Scott's patronage mainly contributed to his success in the first, his own abilities won the second.

There is an amusing letter from Scott about the professorship, and which throws a good deal of light upon Christopher North's then character.

“There needed no apology for mentioning anything in which I could be of service to Wilson; and, so far as good words and good wishes here can do, I think he will be successful; but the battle must be fought in Edinburgh. You are aware that the only pointed exception to Wilson may be that, with the fire of genius, he has possessed some of its eccentricities; but did he ever approach to those of Henry Brougham, who is the god of Whiggish idolatry? If the high and rare qualities with which he is invested are to be thrown aside as useless, because they may be clouded by a few grains of dust which he can blow aside at pleasure, it is less a punishment on Mr. Wilson than on the country. I have little doubt he would consider success in this weighty matter as a pledge for binding down his acute and powerful mind to more regular labor than circumstances have hitherto required of him; for indeed, without doing so, the appointment could in no point of view answer his purpose. He must stretch to the oar for his own credit, as well as that of his friends; and if he does so, there can be no doubt that his efforts will be doubly blessed, in reference both to himself and to public utility. You must, of course, recommend to Wilson great temper in his canvas—for wrath will do no good. After all, he must leave off sack, purge, and live cleanly as a gentleman ought to do; otherwise people will compare his present ambition to that of Sir Terry O'Fag, when he wished to become a judge. ‘Our pleasant follies are made the whips to scourge us,’ as Lear says; for

otherwise, what could possibly stand in the way of his nomination? I trust it will take place, and give him the consistence and steadiness which are all he wants to make him the first man of the age."

The writings of Wilson as Christopher North need only be alluded to. Everybody knows them—the extraordinary picturesqueness, recklessness, vigour, and imagination of his style. The cream of these works has been collected, and forms one of the richest books of fancy in the English language. A slight sketch of the man, as he appeared in latter years, may not, however, be unacceptable. John Wilson, then, was a stout, tall, athletic man, with broad shoulders and chest, and prodigiously muscular limbs. His face was magnificent; his hair, which he wore long and flowing, fell round his massive features like a lion's mane, to which, indeed, it was often compared, being much of the same hue. His lips were always working, while his grey flashing eyes had a weird sort of look which was highly characteristic. In his dress he was singularly slovenly, being, except on state occasions, attired in a threadbare suit of clothes, often rent, his shirts frequently buttonless, and his hat of the description anciently called shocking. His professorial style of costume was just as odd. His gown, as he stalked along the college terraces, flew in tattered stripes behind him; and, altogether, John Wilson, with all his genius, was personally one of the most strangely eccentric of the many eccentric characters existing in his day in the metropolis of the north.

From the Examiner.

THE LATE PROFESSOR WILSON.

THE breaking up of the Great Peace goes on as noisily about us as the breaking up of arctic ice about the men who had lived through a polar winter. Our years of peace, however, have been no winter time, have but blossomed and borne good fruit. The nation has grown both more powerful and more thoughtful. During the long period of rest now at an end, it has not only acquired wealth from commerce, but has also had its mind enriched by a literature on the whole more genial and honest, fuller of simple truth of playful kindness, of manly earnestness and vigor, in its aspirations worthier and in its influence more humanizing, than perhaps any body of literature belonging to any former time.

We were yet speaking of the loss of one who was identified thoroughly with those best blessings of our day of peace, a man who obtained to the full such honour as be-

longs to tranquil days, the friend and biographer of Lamb, tender and pure in all his daily life, and suggestive by his works of tenderness and purity in others—when death struck another famous name. Christopher North died last Monday—a man fit to lead the minds of others not so much perhaps by right of intellect, or of heart, though in him the one was full of vigor and the other was both generous and great, as by right of health. His strong bold frame of body might suggest association with the granite rocks, and his mind breathed from it like the bracing wind that comes down to us from the heather on the mountains. It made men stronger to inhale that atmosphere, and many will his writings invigorate in days to come.

Wilson was not a one-sided man. He did not produce great results by working steadily on any one set of ideas. His intellect was not to be compared to a field, but to a district full of fields—with hill and dale and sun and shade and moor and rock and water—a good wholesome district, with its water fresh and its air pure, though it may be that it contained not one acre thoroughly free from weeds, or deserving to be famous for high farming and heavy crops.

There are very many poems better than the *Isle of Palma*. But we may yet read in it, and in the *City of the Plague*, not a little of the grace and tenderness, the exquisite feeling, the rich power of enjoyment belonging to the youth of a mind like Wilson's, which afterwards took a form so much higher, fuller, and more complete in his prose writing in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Reading those *Recreations of Christopher North*, it is hard to say whether it is in his rough strength or his chastened delicacy that we most feel how true a man is speaking to us, nor less difficult to discern whether his sympathies are keenest when they deal with nature or with man. Very charming too, in quiet pathos and subdued humour, are the few novels and tales of Scottish life which he has left behind him. And let us hope that, besides the writings thus enumerated, due materials exist for a published selection from his lectures delivered in the moral philosophy chair at Edinburgh. They may not be scholastic, but they will be something better, for to him the study of man was no occult science.

Another generation of readers, with such "remains" of Wilson before them, will have no difficulty in understanding the admiring sorrow with which his own generation now learn that this fine spirit, heretofore so bluff yet so tender a labourer with them and for them, is to toil no more. Never more at his bidding are they to see

breathing forth
As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,
Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all
The vivid flashes of his spoken words.

From the Spectator.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

ANOTHER—we might almost say the last—of the celebrities of Edinburgh has been gathered to his fathers. John Wilson is a name that has been spoken of with much exaggeration both by friends opponents—foes we believe he had none. The former have eulogized his genius in language borrowed from the somewhat inflated style in which his sense of the humorous led him frequently to disport; and both have been too much accustomed to attribute to John Wilson all the peculiarities of "Christopher North,"—an imaginary being, compounded of the author's personal propensities, playfully exaggerated, and traits derived from some older Edinburgh humorists. Yet was John Wilson, after every allowance is made, one of those despisers of mere conventionalism, and endowed with one of those impetuous temperaments, which often give occasion to less excitable members of society to wonder at them, in a mood curiously blended of liking and disapprobation. His earlier contributions to *Blackwood* were denounced by the Edinburgh Whigs with all the acerbity natural to an intelligent, well-informed, decorous, and rather priggish coterie, who for the first time encountered a presumptuous young man who laughed at them, in a town of which they had long been the oracles. Even the canny Tories, of whom Sir Walter Scott may be taken as an exemplar, while they enjoyed the wapish mortification of their adversaries, were most decorously careful to eschew indentifying themselves with the conventionality-defying humorist. So, what with the malicious gossip of one party, and the selfish prudery of the other, a most exaggerated notion of Wilson's "eccentricities" was allowed to prevail, of which the public has never since been entirely disabused. The truth is, that a singular vigorous and healthy physique, animated by an impulsive and restless spirit, drew him on in youth to undertake feats—generally displays of athletic strength—out of the ordinary course; and the alternations of indolence, so often remarked in temperaments like his, led him in more advanced life to indulge in an unusual disregard of external appearances; and upon those slight grounds the most adventurous tales of his eccentricity were circulated: but even at the most extravagant period of his youth, John Wilson was always restrained by a

high and pure sense of morality. The drinking feats attributed to him are either gross inventions, or literal acceptations of the humorous caricatures of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ:" they who were intimate with Wilson know that he neither required nor used to excess the stimulus of strong drink. He enjoyed the most extravagant hilarity of the social board, but could work himself up to the highest pitch by the sheer effort of talking. His literary genius was so entirely akin to his physical temperament, as to appear simply an emanation from it. Looking at his productions with the cool critical eye with which one is accustomed to examine the works of past time, we cannot but perceive that they are characterized by a want of condensation—by an absence of exact, subtle, or deep analytical or critical power—that their style is sometimes inflated, and verging on the tawdry; and yet, with all these defects, they are informed with a vitality which entitles them to be numbered in the class of works which men will not willingly let die. There is a bewitching combination of vague, dreamy wildness, pathos, and ethereal fancy, in his "Isle of Palms" and "Unimore;" while in his "City of the Plague" there is an irregular splendour and vigour that sometimes reminds one of the old English dramatists. His prose writings are the outpourings of an improvisatore; unequal, but fascinating, full of power and variety—ranging from pictures of ideal beauty to defiant humour, now throwing out suggestions pregnant with materials for thought, and again dashing off graphic descriptions that place their subjects visibly before the eye.

Wilson, however, is to be viewed not only as an author, but as a politician, as a teacher of youth, and in his social relations. His political position was in a manner accidental, and may be lightly passed over. His genius reflected a light on the party to which he had attached himself, and he thus came to be put forward as its mouthpiece on public occasions, without possessing—or caring to acquire—much weight in its private councils. As Professor of Moral Philosophy, he possessed a rare power of winning the affections and confidence of his pupils, and instigating them by a certain contagion of eloquence to self-exertion. Properly speaking, he founded no school; for his discursive turn of mind was unfavourable to the maturing of systematic, precise opinions: but he set his hearers to think, and inspired them with ambition to distinguish themselves as thinkers, and not a few able and successful inquirers were thus launched upon their philosophical career. He also imparted a new character to the Moral Philosophy

chair of Edinburgh. Stewart and Brown had each confined his instructions almost exclusively to intellectual analysis—had made his class as it were a double of the Logic class: the genial and imaginative Wilson naturally applied himself more to the analysis of the fancy and the passions, and the illustration of their influence on the will—the most essential branch of ethical inquiry. But it was in his own family, and among the wide and varied circle of friends and acquaintances he loved to bring around him, that Wilson was seen in all the most engaging features of his character. His domestic affections were intense: we believe he never entirely recovered from the blow inflicted by the death of Mrs. Wilson—and if ever there was a woman to be sorrowed for throughout a widowed life, it was she; so opposite to the dazzling impetuous spirit of her mate, in the beautiful gentleness and equanimity of her temper, yet adapting herself so entirely to his tastes, and repaid by such a deep and lasting affection. As for friends and others not belonging to his own family circle, there perhaps never was a man gifted with such an universality of sympathy with all that is intellectual. He had points in common with all—with the elegant fastidiousness of Lockhart, the broad humour and inspired idiocy of the Ettrick Shepherd, the polished coterieism of Moore, the masculine benevolence of Chalmers, the

disputatious logic of De Quincey, the playful humour of Lamb, the enjone and often felicitous criticisms of Hunt, and the honest aspirations of less gifted individuals. In private he knew no antipathies—no sectarian distinctions: artist or littérateur, politician or mere man of the world, Whig, Tory, or Radical—all were welcome who could talk well, or listen intelligently, and were good men and true. He gave full vent to his love of conversational discussion, alternately jubilant in expression of common tastes, and impetuous in controversial debate—always suggestive, always impressing his hearers with the feeling that they were listening to a man of genius. Two seemingly discordant features were united in Wilson; he was essentially provincial, racy of the soil in which he grew, and at the same time entirely superior to the besetting sin of literary men—the clique or coterie spirit. His influence over the minds of others was so intimately associated with his personal characteristics, that he can scarcely retain, by his writings, the same amount of admiration he enjoyed in his lifetime; but many will own in their hearts that they have been roused and instructed by coming in contact with him, and many will long mourn the premature decay and death of a friend as generous and warm-hearted as he was brilliant and fascinating.

HE SAW THE ISLES.

He saw the isles from sea to sea,
And then the stranger said,—
"Where lies that merry England
Of which my youth has read,
Of which our old men talked at times,
When evening's light was on the limes,
And grew so blithe with saws and rhymes
When forest feasts were spread?"

I have seen wealthy England
In mart and mansion fair,
I have seen merry England
In many faces there;
I have seen of trade the strife and trust
The toil that turns men's days to dust,
And gold's dull worship that like rust
Into the heart can wear.

My fathers' churches o'er the land
Rise stately, still, and grey,
With the solemn lights and storied tombs
Of the old believing day;
But there is wane of sport and cheer,
The morris-dancers are not here,
For steam and change from all the year
Have swept brave youth away."

Some stranger is that England
Which in thy dreams hath been,
Gone with the yule log from the hearth,
The maypole from the green,
With subtle priest and simple throng,
With woodcraft and with shepherd's song,—
For working England stern and strong
It is that thou hast seen.
Perchance our land's wild youth, whereof
Old echoes talked to thee,
With the ready sword, and bowl, and wreath,
Were a blither sight to see;
But now she leads the march of man
Against those earth-gods grim and near,
That in their moveless might we span
His ages as they flee.

The fight grows hard and heavy,
By marts, and mines, and waves,
And many have the laden hours
And more the souls of slaves;
But when the world at last breathes free,
A merry England men shall see,
Though long the summer's grass will be
And green upon our graves.

FRANCES BROWN.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE MONITORIAL SYSTEM OF HARROW SCHOOL.

A PAMPHLET has just come under our notice, entitled, 'Observations on the Abuse and Reform of the Monitorial System of Harrow School (Hatehard), by the Earl of Galloway, which will be of essential service as regards its bearings on the system of discipline in public schools. It will scarcely be believed by many of our readers that the boy-monitors of Harrow School have the power legally to inflict a summary chastisement of thirty lashes upon offending school-fellows,—but such is the fact; and we have to regret that the incident of brutality which we are about to relate has caused the law to be mitigated only, instead of being altogether abolished. It happened lately that two of the Harrow boys, sons of the Earl of Galloway and of Mr. Justice Platt, fell into a passing squabble while playing at foot-ball. One of them being a monitor, the junior boy was barbarously caned black and blue for his transient ebullition of spirit, with the knowledge and official sanction of the authorities. But we must allow Mr. Randolph Stewart to tell the story in his own ingenious and gentleman-like manner. In a letter to Lord Galloway, his father, he says:—

"Last Tuesday I was down at football as usual, and while playing, a boy of the name of Holmes, on the opposite side, was what we call behind, that is, he was near our base, and the ball was some way behind him toward his own base, and consequently, according to all rules of fair play, he had no more right to attempt to kick the ball than one who was not playing. (This rule is very often broken through, but it is customary when a boy is breaking it, for one of the contrary side to call out, 'You are behind.') He was just going to kick the ball, when I exclaimed, 'You are behind, Holmes.' He immediately, most honourably, let the ball pass, knowing, as well as I did, that he had no right to kick it. But, just after this, a monitor at that time, by name Platt, came up to me, and said sharply, 'He was not behind any more than you were: you are always behind.' (This speech was, you will see, giving me the lie, and at the same time, though I say it myself, asserting what he knows was a very unjust accusation, as I always make it a rule not to touch the ball when I am behind.) Upon which I answered, and I own that I was irritated at the time, 'You know nothing about it; by that remark you show either your total ignorance of the game, or else your desire to cheat.' (The first part of this was true, as he very rarely comes down to football, and when down it is quite a rarity if he touches the ball.) I thought no more about it then, but on Wednesday morning after breakfast, he sent for me to his room, and told me that he had sent for me to whop

me for my impertinence yesterday. Upon which I told him that I had not been impertinent, or, at any rate, if I had, the remarks I had made were in consequence of his speaking as he had done to me. He then told me that that had nothing whatever to do with it, and (I copy his remark verbatim) said—'I may say anything I like on the football ground, and you have no right, whatever it is, to contradict me.' So I said, 'If you say what is not true, I shall certainly contradict you;' but he cut me short, and told me to stand out, and so I told him that I should do no such thing; upon which he said, 'I suppose you know that you must either take my whopping or you will be sent away from the school;' so I told him that I would not take it, and I left his room and called at Dr. Vaughan's, who, however, was engaged then, and I was told to call at a few minutes before one. In the meanwhile, Platt had been to Dr. Vaughan, and had told him about it. When I saw Dr. Vaughan, he was excessively kind, and told me that he was exceedingly sorry that I should have got into a mess with any of the monitors, and that, as far as he heard, I was to blame in what I had said, and so he should advise me to take the whopping, as there was no cowardice in taking anything from a legal power. And so I went away with the determination of telling Platt that I would submit, and begging his pardon. He, however, anticipated me, and sent for me to the monitors' library directly after dinner, where he told me what he had said before in the morning, and asked me if I had altered my determination? I told him that I had, and that I would submit. He then gave me thirty-one cuts, as hard as ever he could, across the shoulder-blades, with a cane more than an inch in circumference, which he paid 1s. 6d. for, and with such force that he had to stop almost every cut to bend back the cane, it was so curled with the violence of the blow. I almost fainted during it; but I cannot help being glad that I managed to get out of the room without making the slightest movement, to show him that I felt his brutality. I was immediately taken to Mr. Hewlett, who told me that he had never, in the whole course of his life, witnessed such an unmanly and brutal outrage. He immediately went to Dr. Vaughan; and the consequence is, that Platt has been turned down, his monitorship taken away, and he himself, I hear, obliged to leave at the end of the quarter. Would you believe it?—there was a place two inches broad from one arm to the other, as black as ink, as if I had been stained. Mr. Hewlett said that my arm was swollen four inches above its natural size. I shall not be able to go into school again till Sunday; and so I hope to write to-morrow to tell you any little thing I may have forgotten. I will give you my word of honour that I have told you everything impartially."

Mr. Hewlett, the surgeon of Harrow School, having been called upon to examine the injuries, he was very properly desired by the head master to furnish Lord Gallo-

way with a certificate of his son's condition.

"My Lord,—I have been requested by Dr. Vaughan to forward to your lordship my report of the injury lately received by your lordship's son, Mr. Stewart. This gentleman came to my house, in company with a school-fellow, on Wednesday, Nov. 23rd, in a state of great suffering, and requested me to look at his back. On throwing off the shirt, I found the whole of the back across the shoulders, from the border of the left armpit to the top of the right shoulder, one entire mass of bruises, the colour varying from a bright red to a deep black. There was one deeply blackened spot over the upper and broad part of the shoulder, covering a space of very nearly four inches square by measurement. The injury he had received was sufficiently severe to render it necessary for Mr. Stewart to go immediately to the sick room, where he was detained until the following Sunday, under medical treatment. I have the honour to be, &c.,

"THOMAS HEWLETT."

The following flippant, and we may add, disrespectful version of the affair, is from the monitor to his father, Mr. Baron Platt. Dr. Vaughan, while forced to acknowledge the system of monitorial discipline, considered that Mr. Platt had exceeded his duty, and removed him from the monitorship.

"On the afternoon of last Tuesday I was grossly insulted on the Football Field by a fellow in the upper fifth. It will shorten my story if I give you his name, Stewart. The language used was such as at any time or place would have called for severe notice, but the fact of its having been used on the Football Field, where the position of a monitor is held to be peculiarly sacred, and to the head of the game, made it a serious offence. The next morning I sent for Stewart to my room, and eventually told him that I must punish him there for an affront offered to the monitors in my person. He then said that he should refuse to take the punishment unless I forced him to do so. I warned him of the inevitable consequence of persisting in his refusal, that is to say, expulsion from the school; but he still refused, at the same time using insulting language. I then sent him away for the time, and went to Vaughan to ask his advice. He perfectly approved of all I had done, and even refused to see Stewart upon the subject, until I asked him as a favour to me to do so, in order that I might give him every chance of clearing himself. Upon Vaughan's advice I punished Stewart before the monitors in the afternoon. The punishment I inflicted upon him was not so se-

vere as I have known to be inflicted for slighter offences. Stewart afterwards went to Hewlett, and what passed between them I do not know; but Hewlett then went to Vaughan and told him that the punishment had been too severe. As to what Hewlett said, Vaughan acknowledged to me afterwards that he did not at all understand the meaning of the terms which Hewlett used, that he knew that he had said that something must be applied, but he did not understand what, but thought it must be something only applied in rather severe cases. Upon the strength of these thoughts, he has put me down eight places, whereby I am no longer a monitor."

Mr. Baron Platt, whose paternal ardour seems to have blunted his judicial acumen on this occasion, endeavoured to vindicate his son. "The facts as they now stand," says the learned judge, in a letter to the Master of Harrow, "satisfy me that my son's conduct was unexceptionable. May I, therefore, implore you to reconsider the matter, for the sake of my son, for the sake of his family, for the sake of Harrow, and, with sincere respect, I add, for the sake of yourself. We are all liable to err. Even the Judges of the land, in their anxious and single-minded pursuit of justice, often err. They are always too happy in such cases to correct their errors. My son has been degraded, I think, unjustly."

While sympathising with Mr. Randolph Stewart for the pain which he so manfully endured, we cannot help feeling a sort of negative sympathy for Mr. Monitor Platt. Dr. Vaughan, in his reply to Lord Palmerston, makes but a gentle defence of the monitorial system, and not without some misgivings of its propriety. We question very much whether a power, even more limited than this, ought to be placed officially in the hands of boys, ere their judgment is ripe enough to use it with discretion. The passions of youth should not have such free exercise. A small impulse misdirected may embitter a life. Lord Galloway has treated the matter dispassionately and wisely, and all who are interested in the advancement of sound educational views will thank him for making it a public question. Dr. Vaughan, the noble lord states, has instituted a more rigid inquiry into the details of the system, and has re-modelled it in a way which, it is trusted, will obviate the evils complained of, and restore the confidence of parents.

A SORT OF GENTLEMAN.—It will have been observed that the Emperor of Russia whilst negotiating with the British Government—which he all the while endeavoured to deceive—was continually making protestations on his honour

as a *gentleman*. He cannot be said to have had no pretensions to that title; only it is a pity that ministers did not know that the gentleman they had to deal with in Nicholas, was the Old Gentleman.—*Punch*.

THE French are certainly a little in advance of us in certain matters. We refer more especially to the way in which, when their armaments are leaving France for foreign service, they contrive to provide for other than the merely military science. Who has not heard of the commissions which attended the first Napoleon to Italy and Egypt? Who has not had occasion to feel grateful that the Republic sent out that body of artists and scholars to the banks of the Nile, who discovered an old world under the sands of the Desert, and brought back with them to Europe the secrets of the past? The second Napoleon who goes out to the far

East with a mighty armament is, as we hear, to be similarly attended. A commission will be named—a commission of artists and scholars—to accompany the expedition to the Black Sea, the Crimea, the Danube, the Caucasus, or wherever the fortune of war or the spirit of adventure may lead the Anglo-French. A celebrated marine painter is to perpetuate the glories won by the combined fleets, and it will be at once pleasant and original for the people of the two countries to find on the walls of Versailles an artistic commemoration of battles in the memory of which they may take an equal pride.—*Athenaeum*.

PART V.—CHAPTER XXX.

BUT this Menie Laurie, rising up from her bed of unrest, when the morning light breaks, cold and real, upon a changed world, has wept out all her child's tears, and is a woman once again. No one knows yet a whisper of what has befallen her, not even poor Jenny, who sobbed over her last night, and implored her not to weep.

Now, how to tell this—how to signify, in the fewest and calmest words, the change that has come upon her. Sitting with her cheek leant on her hand, by the window where she heard it, before any other eyes are awake, Menie ponders this in her heart. Always before in little difficulties counsel and help have been within her reach; few troublous things have been to do in Menie's experience; and no one ever dreamt that *she* should do them, when they chanced to come to her mother's door.

But now her mother's honour is involved—she must not be consulted—she must not know. With a proud flush Menie draws up herself—herself who must work in this alone. Ah, sweet dependence, dear humility of the old times! we must lay them by out of our heart, to wait for a happier dawn. This day it is independence—self-support—a strength that stands alone; and no one who has not felt such an abrupt transition can know how hard it is to take these unused weapons up.

"Will you let me speak to you, aunt?" Menie's heart falters within her, as she remembers poor Miss Annie's unaccepted sympathy. Has she indeed been driven to seek refuge here at last!

"My love! how can you ask such a question, darling, when I am always ready to speak to you?" exclaimed Miss Annie, with enthusiasm.

"But not here—out of doors, if you will permit me," said Menie in a half whisper. "I—I want to be out of my mother's sight—she must not know."

"You delightful creature," said Miss Annie, "are you going to give me your confidence at last?"

Poor Menie, sadly dismayed, was very ill able to support this strain of sympathy. She hastened out, not quite observing how it tasked her companion to follow her—out to the same green overgrown corner, where once before she had spoken of this same subject to Randall

himself. With a slight shudder she paused there before the little rustic seat, from which she had risen at his approach; but Menie knew that she must harden herself against the power of associations; enough of real ill was before her.

"I want to tell you, aunt, if you will please to listen to me, that the engagement of which you were told when we came here is dissolved—broken. I do not know if there is any stronger word," said Menie, a bewildered look growing on her face. "I mean to say, that it is all over, as if it had never been."

And Menie folded her hands upon her breast, and stood patiently to listen, expecting a burst of lamentation and condolence; but Menie was not prepared for the laugh which rang shrilly on her ears—the words that followed it.

"My sweet simple child, I have no doubt you quite believe it—forgive me for laughing, darling; but I know what lovers' quarrels are. There, now, don't look so grave and angry; my love, you will make it all up to-morrow."

And Miss Annie Laurie patted Menie's shrinking shoulder encouragingly. It was a harder task this than Menie had anticipated; but she went on without flinching.

"This is no lovers' quarrel, aunt; do not think so. My mother is in some degree involved in this. I cannot consult her, or ask her to help me; it is the first time I have ever been in such a strait;" and Menie's lip quivered as she spoke. "You are my only friend. I am serious—as serious as mind can be, which feels that here it decides its life. Aunt, I apply to you."

Miss Annie Laurie looked up very much confused and shaken; very seldom had any one spoken to her with such a sober seriousness of tone; she could not think it unreal, for neither extravagance nor despair were in these grave sad words of Menie. The poor frivolous heart felt this voice ring into its depths, past all superficial affectations and sentiments. No exuberance of sympathy, no shower of condoling words or endearments, could answer this appeal; and poor Miss Annie faltered before this claim of real service—faltering and shrank into a very weak old woman, her self-delusions standing her in no stead in such a strait; and the only answer she could make was to cry, in a trembling and strangely altered voice, "Oh,

child, do not speak so. What can I do for you?"

Most true, what can you do, indeed, poor soul! whose greatest object for all these years has been to shut out and darken the daylight truth, which mocked your vain pretences? You could give charity and gentle words—be thankful; your heart is alive in you because of these: but what can you do in such a difficulty as this? where is your wisdom to counsel, your strength to uphold? This grave girl stands before you, sadly bearing her burden, without an effort to conceal from you that she feels it hard to bear; but you, whose age is not grave, whose heart has rejected experience, whose mind has refused to learn the kindly insight of advancing years—shrink into yourself, poor aged butterfly; feel that it is presumption to call yourself her counsellor and say again—again, with a tremble in your weakened voice, "What can I do for you?"

"Aunt, I apply to you," said Menie Laurie; "I ask your help, when I resolve to decide my future life according to my own will and conviction of what is best. I have no one else to assist me. I apply to you."

Miss Annie melted into a fit of feeble crying; her hands shook, her ringlets drooped down lank about her cheeks. "I will do anything—anything you like; tell me what to do, Menie—Menie, my dear child."

It was pitiful to see her distress. Menie, whom no one comforted, felt her heart moved to comfort her.

"I will not grieve you much," said Menie gently; "only I beg you to give me your countenance when I see Randall—Mr. Home. I want you to be as my mother might have been in other circumstances; but I will not trouble you much, aunt—I will not trouble you."

Miss Annie could not stop her tears; she was very timid and afraid, sobbing helplessly. "What will I do? what can I do? Oh, Menie, love, you will make it up to-morrow;" for poor Miss Annie knew no way of conquering grief except by flying out of its sight.

Menie led her back to the house tenderly. Menie had never known before this necessity of becoming comforter, when she had so much need to be comforted. It was best for her—it gave her all the greater command over her own heart.

And to hear poor innocent July, in her own young unclouded joy—to hear her unsuspicious mother at their breakfast-table—to have Randall's name cross her now and then, like a sudden blow—Randall, Randall;—Menie knew nothing of all these depths, nor how such sorrows come in battalions; so, one by one, her inexperienced heart gained acquaintance with them now,—gained acquaintance with that sorest of human truths, that it is possible to love and to condemn—possible to part, and know that parting is the best—yet withal to cling and cling, and hold, with the saddest gripe of tenderness, the heart from which you part. Poor Menie! they said she looked very dark and heavy; that last night's exertions had wearied her—it was very true.

Miss Annie sent a message that she was not well, and would breakfast in her own room. In the forenoon, when she came down stairs again, even Menie was startled at the change. Miss Annie's ringlets were smoothed out and braided on her poor thin cheek—braided elaborately with a care and study worthy of something more important; her step tottered a little; when any one spoke to her, a little gush of tears came to her eyes; but, notwithstanding, there was a solemnity and importance in the hush of Miss Annie's manner, which no one had ever seen in her before. Half-a-dozen times that day she asked, in a startling whisper, "Menie, when is he to come?" Poor Menie, sick at heart, could scarcely bear this slow prolonging of her pain.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Aunt, he has come."

No one knows; July is out on a ramble in this pleasant heath, where she cannot lose herself; Mrs. Laurie has gone out for some private errands of her own. In her first day, Menie has managed well. True, they all know that Menie has been wearied last night; that her eye looks dull and heavy; that her cheek has lost its slight bloom of colour; that she says something of a headache; but nobody knows that headache has come to be with Menie Laurie as with many another, only a softer word for heart-ache—no one suspects that the quiet heart, which feared no evil when this spring began, is now a battle-ground, and field of contest, and that sometimes, when she sits quiet in outward seeming, she could leap up with a start and scream, and feels as if madness would come to her underneath their unsuspicious eyes.

"Aunt, he has come."

Miss Annie Laurie is very nervous; she has to be supported on Menie's arm as they go down stairs. "You will make it all up, Menie; yes, my darling;" but Miss Annie's head nods spasmodically, and there is a terrified troubled expression about her face, which looks so meagre in its outline under that braided hair.

Slightly disturbed, something haughty, rather wondering what Menie has got to say for herself, Randall sits waiting in the drawing-room. It is no small surprise to him to see Miss Annie—especially to see her so moved and nervous; and Randall restrains, with visible displeasure, the words which rose to his lips on Menie's entrance, and coldly makes his bow to the lady of the house.

"My dear Mr. Home, I am very much grieved; I hope you are ready to make it all up," murmurs Miss Annie; but she trembles so much that it is not easy to hear what she says, except the last words, which flush Randall's cheek with a sudden disdainful anger. A lover's quarrel!—that he should be fancied capable of this.

"My aunt has come with me," said Menie steadily, "to give the weight of her presence

to what I say. Randall, I do not pretend that my own feelings are changed, or that I have ceased to care for you. I do not need to seem to quarrel, or to call you by a less familiar name. We know the reason both of us; there is no use for discussing it—and I have come to have it mutually understood that our engagement is broken. We will go away very soon. I came to say good-by."

Before she concluded, Menie had bent her head, and cast down her wavering eyes upon Miss Annie's hand, which she held firmly in her own. Her voice was very low, her words quick and hurried; she stood beside Miss Annie's chair, holding fast, and twining in her own Miss Annie's nervous fingers; but she did not venture to look up to meet Randall's eyes.

"What does this mean? it is mere trifling," Menie," said Randall impatiently. "You hear a gossip's story of something I said; true or false, it did not affect you—it had no bearing on you; you know very well that nothing has happened to make you less precious to me—that nothing can happen which will ever change my heart. Menie, this is the second time; is this the conduct I have a right to expect from you? Deal with me frankly; I have a title to it. What do you mean?"

"My darling, he will make it up," said Miss Annie, with a little overflow of tears.

But Menie was very steady—so strange, so strange—she grew into a startling acquaintance with herself in these few hours. Who could have thought there were so many passionate impulses in Menie Laurie's quiet heart?

"We will not discuss it, Randall," she said again; "let us simply conclude that it is best for both of us to withdraw. Perhaps you will be better content if I speak more strongly," she continued, with a little trembling vehemence, born of her weakness, "if I say it is impossible—impossible—you understand the word—to restore the state of mind, the hope, the trust, and confidence that are past. No—let us have no explanation—I cannot bear it, Randall. Do we not understand each other already? Nothing but parting is possible for us—for me. I think I am saying what I mean to say—good-by."

"Look at me, Menie."

It is hard to do it—hard to lift up those eyes, so full of tears—hard to see his lips quiver—hard to see the love in his face; but Menie's eyes fall when they have endured this momentary ordeal; and again she holds out her hand and says, "Good-by."

"Good-by—I answer you," said Randall, wringing her hand, and throwing it out of his grasp. "Good-by—you are disloyal, Menie, disloyal to Nature and to me; some time you will remember this; now I bid you farewell."

Something crossed her like an angry breath—something rang in her ears, confused and echoing like the first drops of a thunder-shower; and Menie can see nothing in all the world but Miss Annie weeping upon her hand, and, like a culprit, steals away—steals away, not knowing where she goes—desolate, guilty, forsaken, feel-

ing as if she had done some grievous wrong, and was for ever shut out from peace and comfort in this weary world.

Yes—there is no one to see you. Lie down upon the ground, Menie Laurie—down, down, where you can be no lower, and cover your eyes from the cheerful light. How they pour upon you, these dreadful doubts and suspicions of yourself!—wisely—wisely—what should make it wise, this thing you have done? You yourself have little wisdom, and you took no counsel. If it was not wise, what then?—it is done, and there is nothing for it now but to be content.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"It must not be—I cannot permit it," said Mrs. Laurie. "Menie, is this all that your mother deserves at your hands? to take such a step as this without even telling me—without giving me an opportunity of remonstrance? Menie! Menie!"

And with hasty steps Mrs. Laurie paces backward and forward the narrow room. Beside the window, very pale, Menie stands with a half-averted face, saying nothing—very pale—and there is a sullen suffering in Menie Laurie's darkened face.

"I cannot have it—I will not permit it"—Mrs. Laurie is much excited. "My own honour is compromised; it will be said it is I who have separated you. Menie! it is strange that you should show so little regard either to Randall or to me. I must do something—I must make an effort—I cannot have this."

"Mother, hear me," exclaimed Menie. "No one shall do anything; I will not bear it either. In everything else you shall make of me what you will—here I am not to be swayed; I must decide this for myself—and I have decided it, mother."

With astonished eyes Mrs. Laurie looked upon her daughter's face. Flushed with passion, full of a fierce unrespecting will—was this Menie Laurie? but her mother turned aside from her. "I am sorry, Menie—I am very sorry—to see you show such a spirit; another time I will speak of it again."

Another time!—Menie Laurie laughed a low laugh when her mother left the room. Something like a scowl had come to Menie's brow; a dark abiding cloud was on her face; and in her heart such bitterness and universal disappointment as killed every gentle feeling in her soul: disloyal to the one love, disrespectful and disobedient to the other—bitterly Menie's heart turned upon itself—she had pleased no one; her life was nothing but a great blot before her. She was conscious of a host of evil feelings—evil spirits waging war with one another in her vexed and troubled mind. Sullenly she sat down once more upon the ground, not to seek if there was any comfort in the heavens above or the earth beneath, but to brood upon her grief, and make it darker, till the clouds closed over her, and swallowed her up, and not a star remained.

There is a certain obstinate gloomy satisfaction in despair. To decide that everything is hopeless—that nothing can be done for you—

that you have reached to the pre-eminence of woe—no wonder Menie's face was dark and sullen—she had come to this point now.

Like a thunder-storm this intelligence came upon little July Home—she could not comprehend it, and no one took the trouble to explain to her. Lithgow, knowing but the fact, was surprised and grieved, and prophesied their reunion; but no hope was in Menie's sullen gravity—none in the haughty resentment of Randall Home.

And Mrs. Laurie once more with a troubled brow considers of her future—will Menie be best in the Dumfriesshire cottage, where no one will see their poverty, or pursuing some feminine occupation among the other seamstresses, teachers, poor craftswomen of a less solitary place? For now that all is done that can be done, there is no hope of recovering anything of the lost income,—and Mrs. Laurie will not live on Miss Annie's bounty. She is anxious with all her heart to be away.

Miss Annie herself has not recovered her trial: autumn winds grow cold at night—autumn rains come down sadly upon the little world which has had its cheerfulness quenched out of it—and when Randall takes away his little sister to carry her home, Miss Annie looks a mournful old woman, sitting there wrapped up by the early lighted fire. These two or three mornings she has even been seen at the breakfast-table with a cap protecting the head which is so sadly apt to take cold—and Miss Annie cries a little to herself, and tells bits of her own love-story to Menie, absorbed and silent, who sits unanswering beside her—and moans to herself sadly sometimes, over this other vessel of youthful life, cast away.

But Miss Annie Laurie never wears ringlets more. Strangely upon her conscience, like a reproach for her unnatural attenuated youth, came Menie's appeal to her for help and comfort. Feeling herself so frivolous and feeble, so unable to sustain or strengthen, Miss Annie made a holocaust of her curls, and was satisfied. So much vanity was relinquished not without a struggle; but great comfort came from the sacrifice to the heroic penitent.

And Jenny, discontented and angry with them all, furiously now takes the part of Randall Home, and wonders, in a puff and outburst, what Miss Menie can expect that she "lightlies" a bonny lad like you. A great change has taken place on Menie; no one can say it is for the better—and sullenly and sadly this bright year darkens over the house of Heathbank.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"You're to bide away—you're no to come near this place. Na, you may just fecht; but you've nae pith compared to Jenny, for a' sae auld and thrawn as Jenny has been a' her days. It's no me just—it's your mamma and the doctor. Bairn! will you daur struggle wi' me?"

But Menie would dare struggle with any one—neither command nor resistance satisfies her. "Let me in—I want to see my mother."

"You can want your mother for a day—there's mair than you wanting her. That puir auld haverel there—guid forgie me—she's a dying woman—has sairer lack o' her than you. Keep to your ain place, Menie Laurie—muckle made o'—muckle thocht o'—but you're only a bairn for a' that—you're no a woman of judgment like your mamma or me. I tell you to gang away—I will not let you in."

And Jenny stood firm—a jealous incorruptible sentinel in the passage which led to Miss Annie Laurie's room. "Miss Menie ye'll no take it ill what I say," said Jenny; "there's death in the house, or fast coming. I ken what the doctor means. Gang you ben the house, like a good bairn; look in your ain glass, and see if there should be a face like that in a house where He comes."

Menie looked silently into the countenance before her—the keen, impatient, irascible face; but it was easy to see a hasty tear dashed away from Jenny's cheek.

And without another word, Menie Laurie turned away. Some withered leaves are lying on the window-sill—the trees are yielding up their treasures, dropping them down mournfully to the disconsolate soil—but the meagre yew-tree rustles before her, darkly green in its perennial gloom. Rather shed the leaves, the hopes—rather yield to winter meekly for the sake of spring—rather be cut down, and rooted up altogether, than grow to such a sullen misanthrope as this.

And Menie Laurie looks into her own face; this gloomy brow—these heavy eyes—are these the daylight features of Menie Laurie?—the interpretation of her heart? Earnestly and long she reads—no lesson of vanity, but a stern sermon from that truthful mirror. Hush!—listen!—what was that?—a cry!

The doctor is leaving Miss Annie Laurie's room—the cry is over—there is only now a feeble sound of weeping;—but a shadow strangely still and sombre has fallen upon the house, and the descending step rings like a knell upon the stairs. What is it?—what is coming?—and what did it mean, that melancholy cry?

Alas! a voice out of a startled soul—a cry of wild and terrified recognition—acknowledgment. Years ago, age came gently to this dwelling—gently, with light upon his face, and honour on his grey hairs. There was no entrance for him through the jealous door; but now has come another who will not be gainsaid.

Gather the children, Reaper—gather the lilies—take the corn full in the ear—go to the true souls where thought of you dwells among thoughts of other wonders, glories, solemn things to come—leave this chamber here with all its poor devices. No such presence has ever stood within its poverty-stricken walls before. Go where great love, great hope, great faith, great sorrow, sublimer angels, have made you no phantom—leave this soul to its toys and delusions—it is a poor triumph—come not here.

Hush, be still. They who have sent him have charged him with a message; hear it how it rings slow and solemn into the ear of this hushed house. "There is a way, and it shall

be called the way of holiness; the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein." Stay your weeping, poor fool—poor soul; prayers have gone up for you from the succoured hearts of some of God's poor. Unaware, in your simplicity, you have lent to the Lord. Your gracious debtor gives you back with the grand usury of heaven—gives you back opportunity—hope—a day to be saved—lays aside those poor little vanities of yours under the cover of this, His great magnanimous divine grace—and holds open to your feeble steps the way, where wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err any more for ever.

"I'll let you pass, Miss Menie, if you'll bide a moment," said Jenny, wiping her eyes; "he says it's no the fever he thought it was, but just a natural decay. Did you hear yon? she wasna looking for Him that's at the door, and He'll no wait lang where ance He's g'iven His summons—pity me! I would like to see him coming the road mysel, afore I just found him at my door-stane."

The room is very still; through the quiet you can only hear the panting of a frightened breath, and now and then a timid feeble sob. She has to go away—knows and feels to the depth of her heart that she must go upon this solemn road alone; but, with a sad panic of terror and curiosity, she watches her own feelings, wondering if this and this be death.

And now they sit and read to her while the daylight flushes in noon—while it fades and wanes into the night—the night and dark of which she has a childish terror—read to her this gracious blessed Gospel, which does not address itself alone to the wise and noble, but is for the simple and for fools. Safe ground, poor soul, safe ground—for this is no scheme of eclecticism, no portal to the pagan heavens—and you cannot know yourself so low, so mean, as to escape the range of this great wide embracing arm.

"I have not done all that I ought to have done," murmurs poor Miss Annie. "Don't leave me?" for she cannot rest except some one holds her hand, and has a faint superstitious trust in it, as if it held her sure.

A little pause—again the fingers close tightly upon the hand they hold. "I never did any harm." The words are so sad—so sad—falling out slow and feeble upon the hushed air of this darkening room.

"But I never did any good—never, never." The voice grows stronger. "Does anybody think I did? I—I—I never was very wise. I used to try to be kind sometimes;" and in a strain of inarticulate muttering, the sound died away once more.

And then again the voice of the reader broke the silence. They scarcely thought the sufferer listened; for ever and anon she broke forth in such wavering self-justifications, self-condemnations, as these. But now there is a long silence; strange emotions come and go upon this old, old, withered face. The tears have been dried from her eyes for hours; now they come again, bedewing all her poor thin cheeks; but a strange excitement struggles with her

weakness. Looking about to her right hand and to her left, the dying woman struggles with an eager defiance—struggles till, at a sudden climax, her broken voice breaks forth again.

"Who said it was me—me—it's not me! I never could win anything in this world—nothing in this world—not a heart to care for me. Lo you think I could win Heaven? I say it is not me; it's for His sake."

"For His sake—for His sake." If it is a prayer that ends thus—or sudden assurance of which she will not loose her hold for ever—no one can know; for by-and-by her panic returns upon Miss Annie. Close in her own cold fingers she grasps the hand of Menie Laurie, and whispers, "Is it dark—is it so dark to you?" with again a thrill of terror and trembling, and awful curiosity, wondering if this, perchance, is the gloom of death.

"It is very dark—it is almost night." The lamp is lighted on the table; let some one go to her side, and hold this other poor wandering hand. "Oh! not in the night—not in the night I am afraid to go out in the night," sobs poor Miss Annie; and with a dreadful suspicion in her eyes, as if of some one drawing near to murder her, she watches the falling of this fated night.

A solemn vigil—with ever that tight and rigid pressure upon their clasped hands. Mother and daughter, silent, pale, keep the watch together; and below, the servants sit awe-stricken, afraid to go to sleep. Jenny, who is not afraid, goes about the stairs, up and down, from room to room, sometimes serving the watchers, sometimes only straying near them, muttering, after her fashion, words which may be prayers, and dashing off now and then an intrusive tear.

Still, with many a frightened pause—many a waking up, and little pang of terror, this forlorn heart wanders back into the life which is ending now—wanders back to think herself once more engaged in the busier scenes of her youth, in the little occupations, the frivolities and gaiety of her later years; but howsoever her mind wanders, she never ceases to fix her eyes upon the span of sky glittering with a single star, which shines pale on her through the window from which, to please her, they have drawn the curtain. "I am afraid to go out in the dark;" again and again she says it with a shudder, and a tightened hold upon their hands—and steadfastly watches the night.

At last her eyes grow heavy—she has fallen asleep. Little reverence has Miss Annie won at any time of all her life—but the eyes that look on her are awed and reverent now. Slowly the hours pass by—slowly the gradual dawn brightens upon her face—the star has faded out of the heavens—on her brow, which is the brow of death, the daylight glows in one reviving flush. The night is over for evermore.

And now her heavy eyes are opened full—her feeble form is raised; and, with a cry of joy, she throws out her arms to meet the light. Lay her down tenderly; her chains are broken in her sleep; now she no more needs the pressure of your kindly hands. Lay her down, she is afraid no longer; for not in the night, or through

the darkness, but with the morning and the sun, the traveller fares upon her way—where fools do not err. By this time they have taken her in yonder at the gate. Lay down all that remains of her to its rest.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The curtains are drawn again in Miss Annie Laurie's house of Heathbank—drawn back from the opened windows to let the fresh air and the sunshine in once more to all the rooms. With a long breath and sigh of relief, the household throws off its compelled gloom. With all observances of honour, they have laid her in her grave, and a few natural tears have been wept—a few kindly words spoken—a reverent memento raised to name the place where she lies. Now she is passed away and forgotten, her seat empty—her house knowing her no more.

In Miss Annie's desk, a half-written paper—intimating vaguely that, in case of "anything happening" to her at any future time, she wished all that she had to be given to Menie Laurie—was found immediately after the funeral. But some superstitious terror had prevented her from finishing it, far more from making a will. Menie was her next of kin; it pleased them to have this sanction of her willingness to the inheritance of the natural heir.

Miss Annie had been rather given to speak of her savings; but no vestige of these savings was to be found. She had practised this on herself like many another delusion; and saving the furniture of Heathbank, and a profusion of ornaments not valuable, there remained little for Menie to inherit. Miss Annie's maid was her well-known favourite, and had been really attentive, and a good servant to her indulgent mistress. Her name was mentioned in the half-written paper, and Maria's own report of many conversations, modestly hinted at a legacy. Miss Annie's furniture, pretty and suitable for her house as it was, was not valuable in a sale; and Mrs. Laurie, acting for her daughter, bestowed almost the whole amount received for it upon Maria, as carrying out the will of her mistress. Having done this, they had done all, Mrs. Laurie thought, and would now go home to live as they could upon what remained to them. Burnside, with all its plenishing, brought in no greater revenue than fifty pounds a year, and Mrs. Laurie had two or three hundred pounds "in the bank." This was all. She began to calculate painfully what the home journey would cost them, and called Jenny to consult about their packing. They were now in a little lodging in the town of Hampstead. They had no inducement to stay here; and Menie's face looked very pale—very much in want of the fresh gale on the Dumfriesshire braes. True, they knew not where they were going, but the kindly soil was home.

When her mother and Jenny began to take enumeration of the bags and boxes which must go with them, Menie entered the room. Menie looked very slight, very pale, and exhausted, almost shadowy in her mourning dress; but Menie's now was a face that looked on Death.

The conflict and sullen warfare were gone out of it. Dead and silent within her lay her chilled heart, like a stricken field when the fight is over, with nothing but moans and sighs, and voices of misery, where the music and pomp of war has so lately been. The contest was over; there was nothing to struggle for, or struggle with, in this dull unhappiness—and a heavy peace lay upon Menie like a cloud.

"There's a wee kistie wi' a lock. I set it by mysel for Miss Menie; and there's the muckle aye that held the napery at hame; but I'm no gaun owre them a'. I'll just lay in the things as I laid them when we came. Miss Menie! gang awa your ways, like a good bairn, and read a book; your mamma's speaking about the flitting, and I can only do ae thing at a time."

"Are we going home mother?"

"There is nothing else we can do, Menie," said Mrs. Laurie. "I suppose none of us have any inducement now to stay in London."

A flush of violent colour came to Menie's cheeks. She paused and hesitated. "I have, mother."

"Bless me, I aye said it," muttered Jenny quickly, under her breath, as she turned round with an eager face, and thrust herself forward towards the mother and daughter. "The bairn's come to hersel."

Mrs. Laurie coloured scarcely less than Menie. "I cannot guess what you mean," she said hurriedly. "You did not consult me before—I am, perhaps, an unsuitable adviser now; but I cannot stay in London without having a reason for it. This place has nothing but painful associations for me. You are not well, Menie," continued the mother, softening; "we shall all be better away—let us go home."

The colour wavered painfully on Menie Laurie's cheek, and it was hard to keep down a groan out of her heart. "I am not come to myself—my mind is unchanged," she said with sudden meekness. "I want you to stay for a month or two—as short a time as possible—and to let me have some lessons. Mother, look at these."

Menie had brought her little portfolio. With some astonishment Mrs. Laurie turned over its contents, and delicately—almost timidly too—lest Randall's face should look out upon her as of old. But all the sketches of Randall were removed. Jenny pressed forward to see; but Jenny, as bewildered as Menie's mother, could only look up with a puzzled face. What did she mean?

"They are not very well done," said Menie; "but, for all that, they are portraits, and like. I want to have lessons, mother. Once before, long ago,"—poor Menie, it seemed years ago, "I said this should be my trade. I will like the trade; let me only have the means of doing it better, and it will be good for me to do it. This is why I ask you to stay in London."

Jenny, very fierce and red, grasping the back of a chair, thrust it suddenly between them at this point, with a snort of emphatic defiance.

"Ye'll no let on ye hear her!" exclaimed Jenny; "you'll let her get her whimsey out like ony ither wean!—ye'll pay nae attention to her maggots and her vanities! Trade! My patience! to think I should live to hear a bairn of ours speak of a trade, and Jenny's twa hands to the fore!"

And a petulant reluctant sob burst out of Jenny's breast—an angry tear glittered in her eye. She drew a long breath to recover herself—

"Jenny's twa hands to the fore, I say, and the bere a' to shear yet, and the 'taties to gather—no to say the mistress is to buy me twa kye, to take butter to the market! I would just like to ken where's the pleasure in working, if it's no to gi'e ease to folk's ain? I've a' my ain plans putten down, if folk would just let me be; and we'll can keep a young lass to wait upon Miss Menie," cried Jenny, with a shrill tone in her voice, "and the first o' the cream and the sweetest o' the milk, and nae occasion to wet her finger. You're no gaun to pay ony heed to her—you're no gaun to let on you hear what she says!"

Reaching this point, Jenny broke down, and permitted, much against her will, a little shower of violent hot tears to rain down upon the arms which she folded resolutely into her apron. But Jenny shook off with indignation, the caressing hand which Menie laid upon her shoulder. Jenny knew by experience that it was better to be angry than to be sad.

"I would think with you too, Jenny," said Mrs. Laurie, slowly. "I could do anything myself; but a bairn of mine doing work for money—Menie, we will not need it—we will try first—"

"Mother," said Menie, interrupting her hastily, "I will need it—I will never be wilful again—let me have my pleasure now."

It was a thing unknown that Menie should not have her pleasure. Even Jenny yielded to this imperative claim. The boxes were piled up again in Jenny's little bedchamber. Jenny herself, able to do nothing else, set to knitting stockings with great devotion. "I'll ha'e plenty to do when we get hame, without ever taking wires in my hand," said Jenny. "Nae doubt it's just a providence to let me lay up as mony as will serve."

Their parlour was in the first floor, over one of the trim little ladies' shops, which have their particular abode in little towns of competence and gentility. Toys and Berlin wool—a prim, neat, gentle Miss Middleton sitting at work on some pretty bit of many-coloured industry behind the orderly counter—gay patterns and specimens about—little carts and carriages, and locomotive animals upon the floor—bats, balls, drums, shining tin breastplates, and glorious swords hanging by the door, and a linen awning without, throwing the little shop into pleasant shade. This was the ground floor; above it was a very orderly parlour, and the sun came glistening in upon the little stand of flowers through the bright small panes of the old-fashioned window, and fell upon Mrs. Laurie, always at work upon some making or

mending—upon Jenny's abrupt exits and entrances—her keen grey eyes and shining 'wires,' the latter of which were so nobly independent of any guidance from the former—and upon Menie's heavy meditations, and Menie's daily toil.

For toil it came to be, exalted from the young lady's accomplishment to the artist's labour. She worked at this which she harshly called her trade with great zeal and perseverance. Even herself did not know how deficient she was till now; but Menie worked bravely in her apprenticeship, and with good hope.

CHAPTER XXX.

"I wouldna ha'e come hame as I gaed away, if I had been you, Jenny." The speaker stands at the door of Jenny's little byre, looking on, while Jenny milks her favourite cow. "Ye see what Nelly Panton's done for herself; there's naething like making up folk's mind to gang through wi' a' thing; and you see Nelly's gotten a man away in yon weary London."

"I wouldna gang to seek a misfortune—no me," said Jenny; "ill enough when it comes; and I wonder how a woman like you, with twelve bairns for a handsel, could gie such an advice to ony decent lass; and weel I wat Nelly Panton's gotten a man. Puir laddie! it's the greatest mercy ever was laid to his hands to make him a packman—he'll no be so muckle at hame; but you'll make nae divert of Jenny. If naeboddy ever speered my price, I'm no to hang my head for that. I've aye keptit my fancy free, and nae man can say that Jenny over lookit owre her shoulder after him. A' the house is fu' 'enow, Marget; we've scarcely done with our flitting; I canna ask you to come in."

So saying, Jenny rose with her pail, and closed the byre-door upon Brockie and her black companion. The wind came down keen from the hills; the frosty wintry heavens had not quite lost the glow of sunset, though the pale East began to glitter with stars. Sullen Criffel has a purple glory upon his cap of cloud, and securely, shoulder to shoulder, this band of mountain marshals keep the border; but the shadows are dark about their feet, and night falls, clear and cold, upon the darkened grass, and trees that stir their branches faintly in the wind.

The scene is strangely changed. Heaths of other nature than the peaceful heath of Hampstead lie dark under the paling skies, not very far away; and the heather is brown on the low lying pasture hills, standing out in patches from the close-cropped grass. Yonder glow upon the road is the glow of fire-light from an open cottage door, and on the window ledge within stand basins of comfortable Dumfriesshire "parritch," cooling for the use of those eager urchins, with their fair exuberant locks and merry faces, and waiting the milk which their loitering girl sister brings slowly in from the byre. It is cold, and she breathes upon her fingers as she shifts her pail from one hand

to the other; yet bareheaded Jeanie lingers, wondering vaguely at the "bonnie" sky and deep evening calm.

Another cottage here is close at hand, faintly throwing out from this back-window a little light into the gathering gloom. Brookie and Blackie are comfortable for the night; good homely sages, they make no account of the key turned upon them in the byre-door; and Jenny, in her original dress, her beloved shortgown and warm striped skirts, stands a moment, drawing in, with keen relish, the sweep of cold air which comes full upon us over the free countryside.

"I'm waiting for Nelly's mother," says Jenny's companion, who is Marget Panton from Kirklands, Nelly's aunt; "she's gane in to speak to your mistress. You'll be no for ca'ing her mistress now, Jenny, and her sae muckle come down in the world. I'm sure you're real kind to them; they'll no be able now to pay you your fee."

"Me kind to them! My patience! But it's because ye dinna ken ony better," said Jenny, with a little snort. "I just wish, for my part, folk would hand by what concerns themselves, and let me abee. I would like to ken what's a' the world's business if Jenny has a good mistress, and nae need to seek anither service frae ae year's end to the ither—and it canna advantage the like o' you grudging at Jenny's fee. It's gay dark, and the road's lanesome; if I was you, I would think o' gaun hame."

"I wouldna be sae crabbit if I got a pension for't," returned Marget, sharply; "and ye needna think to gar folk believe lees; it's weel kent your house is awfu' come down. 'Pride gangs before a fa', the Scripture says. Ye'll no ca' that a lee; and I hear that Miss Menie's joe just heard it, and broke off in time."

"I'm like to be driven daft wi' aye and anither," exclaimed Jenny furiously. "If Miss Menie hadna been a thrawart creature hersel, I wouldna have had to listen to the like o' this. Na, that micht ha'e been a reason—but it was name of the siller; she kens best hersel what it was. I'm sure I wouldna have cast away a bonnie lad like you if it had been me; but the like of her, a young lady, behooves to ha'e her ain way."

"Weel, it's aye best to put a guid face on't," said Jenny's tormentor. "I'm no saying onything at my ain hand: it's a' Nelly's story, and Johnnie being to marry July Home—it's a grand marriage for auld Croftbill's daughter, such a bit wee useless thing—we're the likest to ken. Ye needna take it ill, Jenny. I'm meaning nae reproach to you."

"I'm no canny when I'm angered," said Jenny, setting down her pail in the road; "ye'll gang your ways hame, if you take my counsel; there's naething for you here. Pity me for Kirklands parish, grit and sma'! with Nelly at the Brokenrig, and you at the Brig-end? but I canna thole a lee—it makes my heart sick; and I tell ye I'm no canny when I'm angered. Guid nicht to you, Marget Panton; when I want to see you I'll send you word. You can wait here, if you maun get

yon puir decent woman hame wi' you. I reckon I would get mony thanks if I set her free; but I dinna meddle wi' ither folks' business; you can wait for her here."

And, taking up her pail again rapidly, Jenny pattered away, leaving Marget somewhat astonished, standing in the middle of the road, where this energetic speech had been addressed to her. With many mutterings Jenny pursued her wrathful way.

"Ye've your ainself to thank, no anither creature, Menie Laurie; and now this painting business is begun, they'll be waur and waur. Whatfor could she no have keepit in wi' him? A bonnie aye, to ha'e a' her ain way, and slaving and working a' day on her feet, as if Jenny wasna worth the bread she eats; and the next thing I'll hear is sure to be that she's painting for siller. Pity me!"

Full of her afflictions, very petulant and resentful, Jenny entered the cottage door. It was a but and a ben—that is to say, it had two apartments, one on each side of the entrance. The larger of the two was boarded—Mrs. Laurie had ventured to do this at her own expense—and had been furnished in an extremely moderate and simple fashion. It was a very humble room; but still it was a kind of parlour, and, with the ruddy fire-light reddening its further corners, and blinking on the uncovered window, it looked comfortable, and even cheerful, both from without and within. Mrs. Laurie, with her never-failing work, sat by a little table; Menie, whose day's labour was done, bent over the fire, with her flushed cheeks supported in her hands; the conflict and the sullen glow had gone out of Menie's face, but a heavy cloud oppressed it still.

Conscious that she is an intruder, divided between her old habitual deference, and her new sense of equality, as Johnnie Lithgow's mother, with any Mrs. Laurie under the sun, Mrs. Lithgow sits upon the edge of a chair, talking of Nelly, and Nelly's marriage.

"Nelly says you were real kind. I'm sure naething could be kinder than the like of you taking notice of her, when she was in a strange place, her lane, though, nae doubt; being Johnnie's sister, made a great difference. I can scarcely believe my ainself whiles, the awfu' odds it's made on me. I have naething ado but look out the best house in Kirklands, and I can get it bought for me, and an income regular, and nae need to do a thing, but be thankful to Providence and Johnnie. It's a great blessing, a good son."

As there was only a murmur of assent in answer to this, Mrs. Lithgow proceeded:—

"I'm sure it's naething but neighborlike—you'll no take it amiss, being in a kindly spirit—to say if there's onything aye can do—There's Nelly gotten her ain house noo, and wonderful well off in the world; and for me, I'm just a miracle. If there was ought you wanted, no being used to a sma' house, or ony help in ae way or anither, from a day's darg wi' Jenny, to—"

But Mrs. Lithgow did not dare to go any further. The slight elevation of Mrs. Laurie's

head. the sun'en erectness of that stooping figure by the fireside, warned the good woman in time; so, after a hurried, breathless pause, she resumed:

"I would be real glad—it would be naething but a pleasure; and I'll ne'er forget how guid you were to me when I was in trouble about Johnnie, and aye gied me hope. Poor laddie! next month he's coming down to be married—and I'm sure I hope he'll be weel off in a guid wife, for he canna but be a guid man, considering what a son he's been to me."

"He will be very well off," said Mrs. Laurie; "and poor Little July goes away next month, does she? Has Jenny come in yet, Menie? We have scarcely had time to settle in our new house, Mrs. Lithgow; but I will remember your kind offer, and thank you. How dark the night grows, and it looks like snow."

"I'll have to be gaun my ways," said the visitor, rising; "it's a lonesome road, and I'm no heeding about leaving my house, and a' the grand new things Johnnie's sent me, their lane in the dark. I'll bid you good night, ladies, kindly, and I'm real blithe to see you in the countryside again."

She was gone, and the room fell into a sudden hush of silence, broken by nothing but the faint rustling of a moved hand, or the fall, now and then, of ashes on the hearth. The bustle and excitement of the "flitting" were over—the first pleasure of being home in their own country was past. Grey and calm their changed fate came down upon them, with no ideal softening of its every day realities. The sliding pannel here opens upon their bed; this little table serves all purposes of living; these four dim walls, and heavy rafters roof, shut in their existence. Now, through the clear frosty air without, a merry din breaks into the stillness. It is little Davie from the cothouse over the way, who has just escaped from the hands which were preparing him for rest, and dares brothers and sisters in a most willing race after

him, their heavy shoes ringing upon the beaten way. Now you hear them coming back again, leading the truant home, and by-and-by all the urchins are asleep, and the mother closes the ever open door. So good night to life and human fellowship. Now—none within sight or hearing of us, save Jenny humming a broken song, on the other side of the wooden partition, which, sooth to say, is Jenny's bed—we are left alone.

Menie, bending in her despondent attitude, over the fire, which throws down, now and then, these ashy flakes upon the hearth—our mother, pausing from her work, to bend her weary brow upon her hand. So very still, so chill and forsaken. Not one heart in all the world, except the three which beat under this thatched roof, to give anything but a passing thought to us or our fate; and nothing to look to but this even path, winding away over the desolate lands of poverty into the skies.

Into the skies!—woe for us, and our dreary human ways, if it were not for that blessed, continual horizon line; so we do what we have not been used to do before—we read a sad devout chapter together, and have a faltering prayer; and then for silence and darkness and rest.

Say nothing to your child, good mother, of the bitter thoughts that crowd upon you, as you close your eyes upon the wavering fire-light, and listen, in this stillness, to all the stealthy steps and touches of the wakeful night. Say nothing to your mother, Menie, of the tears which steal down between your cheek and your pillow, as you turn your face to the wall. What might have been—what might have been; is it not possible to keep from thinking of that? for even Jenny mutters to herself, as she lies wakefully contemplating the glow of her gathered fire—mutters to herself, with an indignant fuff, and hard-drawn breath, "I wish her muckle pleasure of her will: she's gotten her will: and I wadna say but she minds him now—a bonnie lad like you!"

THE GLORY OF NATURE.

If only once the chorist of the morn
Had scatter'd from its wheels the twilight dun;
But once the unimaginable sun
Flash'd god-like through perennial clouds forlorn,
And shown us Beauty for a moment born.
If only once blind eyes had seen the spring
Waking amid the triumphs of midnoon;
But once had seen the lovely summer boon
Pass by in state like a full-robed king,
What time the enamour'd woodlands laugh and sing;
If only once deaf ears had heard the joy
Of the wild bird, or morning breezes blowing,
Or silver fountains from their caverns flowing,
Or the deep-voiced rivers rolling by,
Then Night eternal fallen from the sky;
If only once weird time had rent asunder
The curtain by the clouds, and shown us Night
Climbing into the awful infinite

Those stairs whose steps are worlds, above and under,
Glory on glory, wonder upon wonder!

The Lightnings lit the earthquake on his way;
The sovran thunder spoken to the world;
The realm-twined banners of the wind unfurl'd;
Earth-prison'd fires broke loose into the day;
Or the great seas awoke—then slept for aye!

Ah! sure the heart of Man, too strongly tried
By godlike presences so vast and fair,
Withering with dread, or sick with love's despair,
Had wept for ever, and to Heaven cried;
Or struck with lightnings of delight, had died;
But He, though heir of Immortality,
With mortal dust too feeble for the sight,
Draws through a veil God's overwhelming light;
Use arms the soul—anon there moveth by
A more majestic angel—and we die!

Frederick Tennyson.

From the Athenæum.

Swedenborg: a Biography and an Exposition.
By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. Hall & Co.

A true life of Emanuel Swedenborg, as we understand the words, written by one capable of entering into the humanity as well as the philosophy of his subject, and of tracing with a sure eye and a firm yet delicate hand those operations of the mind in which genius, visionary exultation, approaching madness, and devotional fervor, have all a part,—would be a valuable addition to the world's stock of literature; especially in the present day, when morbid nervous sensations, physical and intellectual, claim so large a share of attention. But Mr. Hood has no such grasp on his subject. He has chosen, after his fashion, to preach prose and philosophize—in place of collecting materials. The great Mystic is, in his eyes, a less personage than Mr. Hood, and his "incomings and outgoings" are of smaller interest than Mr. Hood's delight at and appreciation of the same. His facts are few, but his folly is largely diffused (spread as with a spatula) over the pages of his record. His faith is ready, but his mind is "muddy" (as the Scotch song says); his taste is not fine, and his style is flippant—whether he prefaces so grave a book with a dedication to "my dear Lizz," or defends his hero as follows:—

"Swedenborg was a Mystic! My dear sir, what is a Mystic! We are all Mystics when we engage in some operation our neighbor does not understand. 'Tis an ignorant word. What a shocking mystic is an expert chemist, perhaps more so an expert mathematician. Every art, every trade, every science is mystic to the uninitiated. We are all mystics; we have all our mystic world; we all see things temporal and eternal with our own individual eyes; we all have a world into which our friend and neighbor cannot enter, and we can all see clearly in that world too, although it is a region of dark-

ness to him. Frequently when you use the term mystic you only express your own impoverished and wretched experiences. Translated it means, I never felt that—I never experienced that. Especially all Christian experience is mystical. A mystic is one who moves in an orbit larger than his neighbors, from the greater weight and power of his character; yet there is a light in his orbit—follow, and you shall see it. You see this epithet, mystic, may not be so really contemptible as you suppose. To me, Sir Levi Golding is decidedly a mystic; he began life as a boots; he will probably end it as an M. P., or a Peer. I do not know his mental or moral method; he is reputed to be worth millions; his life has been one constant scheme, and one constant success; his transactions on the Stock Exchange are called merchandise—they look very like gambling. To me his movements are wonderfully mysterious—'tis amazing; I confess my admiration—my wonder; I never could do it, blockhead that I am, I do not believe that I could learn to do it; no, he is high in the heavens of Plutus—if heaven be the world. With a self-satisfied smirk, he looks at his shares in the bank, railway, vessels, mines, funds; at palace, carriages, horses, servants. 'I think I've done the thing tolerably well,' says he; 'I think so, too,' says I, 'and now will you allow me to beg your perusal of this pamphlet, by Swedenborg? Swedenborg! pshaw, he was a mystic. Ah, Sir Levi, Sir Levi, you would have seemed a mystic to our friend, the Swedish Seer, for he is ever the mystic who lives in the world farthest removed from our own?'"

It was necessary to give textual justification of the sentence passed on this book. There is much in the philosophy, in the literature, in the social relaxations of our days that is calculated to make calm men sad and serious; and not the least melancholy phenomenon, is the humor, parcel jocosé, parcel stupid, in which the incompetent lay hands on subjects demanding every preparation which scientific culture and lofty meditation can give—and every grace and decorum of literary style for their fitting utterance.

COINCIDENCES BETWEEN SIR THOMAS BROWNE AND BISHOP KEN.—Sir Thomas Browne wrote his *Religio Medici* in 1533-5; and in it suggested some familiar verses of the "Evening Hymn" of his brother Wykehamist Bishop Ken. The lines are as follows:

Sir Thomas Browne.

Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open, while mine close;
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest;
Sleep is a death: oh, make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die!
—And as gently lay my head

On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee.

Bishop Ken.

Let no ill dreams disturb my rest;
No powers of darkness me molest.
Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

From Household Words.

BEHIND THE LOUVRE.

"PEOPLE may wish to know why I pull up here, and begin to play the fool. I am a pencil manufacturer: nothing more. I know that my pencils are good: look here! (Exhibits a medal.) This medal was given to me, as the manufacturer of these superlative pencils, by the promoters of the Great Exhibition in London."

With this preliminary address, a very fashionable looking gentleman, who has drawn up his carriage at the roadside behind the Louvre in Paris, opens an address to a number of persons who begin to gather about him. His equipage is handsome; and people wonder what he means by this curious proceeding. Presently they perceive that in the buggy there is an organ, and that the individual perched behind the gentleman fulfils the double functions of footman and organ-grinder. They perceive also that the servant wears a magnificent livery, part of it consisting of a huge brass helmet, from the summit of which immense tricolor feathers flutter conspicuously in the breeze. The gentleman suddenly rings a bell; and forthwith the footman in the buggy grinds a lively air. The crowd rapidly increases. The gentleman is very grave—he looks quietly at the people about him, and then addresses them a second time, having rung the bell again to stop his footman's organ:—"Now I dare say you wonder what I am going to do. Well, I will begin with the story which led me to this charlatan life—for I am a charlatan—there's no denying it. I was, as you all know, an ordinary pencil merchant; and, although I sold my pencils in the street from my carriage seat, I was dressed like any of you. Well, one day, when I was selling my pencils at a rapid rate, a low fellow set up his puppet show close by me—and all my customers rushed away from me. This occurred to me many times. Whenever I drew up my carriage to sell my pencils in a quiet way some charlatan came, and drew all my customers from me. I found that my trade was tapering away to a point as fine as the finest point of my finest pencil;—and, as you may imagine, I was not very pleased. But suddenly I thought that if the public taste encourages charlatans, and if I am to secure the patronage of that public, I too must become a charlatan. And here I am—a charlatan from the tips of my hair to the heel of my boot, selling excellent pencils for forty centimes each, as you shall presently see."

This second speech concluded in the most serious manner, the gentleman produces from the carriage seat a splendid coat embroidered with gold: this he puts on with the utmost gravity—then turns to the crowd to watch its effect upon them. Then he takes his hat off, picks up a huge brass helmet from the bottom of the carriage, and tries it on. Again he looks gravely at the crowd, suddenly removes his helmet, and places, singly, three plumes representing the national tricolor, watching the effect upon the spectators, as he adds each feather. Having surveyed the general effect of the hel-

met thus decorated, he again puts it on; and, turning now full upon the crowd, folds his arms and looks steadfastly before him. After a pause, he rings his little bell, and the plumed organist behind him plays a soft and soothing air. To this tune he again speaks:

"Well, here I am: as you see, a charlatan. I have done this to please you: you mustn't blame me. As I told you, I am the well-known manufacturer of pencils. They are cheap and they are good, as I shall presently show you. Look here—I have a portfolio?"

The gentleman then lifts a large portfolio or book—opens it, and exhibits to the crowd three or four rough caricatures. He presently pretends to perceive doubts floating about as to the capability of his pencils to produce such splendid pictures. Suddenly he snatches up one of them, brandishes it in the air—turns over the leaves of the book—finds a blank page—then places himself in an attitude to indicate intense thought. He frowns; he throws up his eyes; he taps the pencil impatiently against his chin; he traces imaginary lines in the air; he stands for some seconds with upturned face, rapt—waiting, in fact to be inspired. Suddenly he is struck by an irresistible and overpowering thought, and begins to draw the rough outlines of a sketch. He proceeds with his work in the most earnest matter. No spectator can detect a smile upon that serious face. Now he holds the book far away from him, to catch the general effect, marks little errors here and there; then sets vigorously to work again. At last the great conception is upon the paper. He turns it most seriously, and with the air of a man doing a very great favor to the crowd. The picture produces a burst of laughter. The pencil manufacturer does not laugh, but continues solemnly to the sounds of his organ in the buggy, to exhibit his production. Presently, however, he closes the book with the appearance of a man who is satiated with the applauses of the world. A moment afterwards he opens it a second time—puts the point of the pencil to his tongue, and looks eagerly at the people. He is selecting some individual, sufficiently eccentric and sufficiently prominent to be recognised by the general assembly when sketched. He has caught sight of one at last. He looks at him intensely, to the irrepressible amusement of the spectators, who all follow his eyes with theirs. The individual selected generally smiles, and bears his public position very calmly.

"For Mercy's sake, do not stir?" the artist fervently ejaculates, as he sets vigorously to work. This proceeding, in the open street, conducted with the utmost gravity, and with the most finished acting, is irresistibly ludicrous. As the portrait advances towards completion, the organ plays a triumphant melody. In five minutes a rough and bold sketch has been produced, resembling only in the faintest manner the original—yet sufficiently like him to be recognised, and to create amusement. As the artist holds up the portrait, to be seen by the crowd, he again rings his little bell to silence his musical attendant in the buggy.

And now he dwells emphatically upon the

virtues of his pencils. He declares that they are at once black and hard. He pretends, once more, to detect an air of incredulity in the crowd. He is indignant. He seizes a block of oak—informs his imaginary detractors that it is the hardest known wood—and, with a hammer, drives the point of one of his pencils through it. The wood is split, the pencil is not injured:—and he tells his imaginary detractors that even if they are not in the habit of using pencils for art, they are at liberty to split wood with them for winter firing. All they have to do is to buy them. This is of course a very popular point in the performances. The next is the display, to the melancholy grind of the organ in the buggy, of a huge box full of silver money.

This box is opened and exhibited to the crowd as the astonishing result of these wonderful pencils. And then the charlatan goes through all that pantomime which usually describes a man utterly tired of all the enjoyments wealth can give him. He seizes a handful of the money, and then lazily drops it into the box. He throws himself back and pushes the box from him, to indicate that he is tired of riches. At last he jumps up, and, seizing a five franc piece, raises his arm to throw it amongst the spectators: but he is prevented, apparently, by a sudden impulse.

"Once," he explains, "I threw a five franc piece in the midst of my customers, when it unfortunately struck a man in the eye. That accident gave me a lesson which I should do wrong to forget to-day."

So he closes the box; throws it to the bottom of the carriage, and calls upon the crowd to become purchasers of pencils, which will never break, and which are patronised by the most distinguished artists. The droll thing about this performance is that the pencils sold really are good, and that they actually did obtain honorable mention from the English Exhibition Committee in eighteen hundred and fifty-one.

The crowd having decided to purchase or to reject the merchandise of this extraordinary pencil-manufacturer, are soon drawn away to the occupant of another elegant carriage. Truly, this little licensed space at the back of the Louvre presents odd pictures to strangers.

This is a serious business. The crowd are listening to a lecture on teeth, and on the virtue of certain drugs for the teeth, the composition of which the lecturer alone knows the secret of—a secret that has been rigidly handed down in his family from the time of the ancient Gauls. He is a well known dentist in Paris, and is in partnership with his father. The senior dentist remains at home to perform operations of dental surgery which are the result of the remarkable advertising system pursued by the young man in the carriage. The business, I am led to believe, is a most flourishing one in the *cité*; and, when the father was young, he himself was his father's advertiser.

The scientific gentleman now haranguing the

crowd is certainly the worthy representative of his parent. It is reported indeed that the man is a skilful dentist. At the present moment he offers to prove his dexterity upon any individual present who may be troubled by a refractory tooth. He looks about eagerly for a patient. Presently a boy is thrust forward to be operated upon. The poor little fellow is rapidly hoisted into the vehicle. To suffer the extraction of a tooth in an elegant drawing-room, or in the privacy of a fashionable dentist's apartment, is not a pleasant operation, even for a man with the strongest nerve; but to have a singularly happy illustration of the ills to which teeth are subject, drawn from your head, and exhibited to a crowd of curious strangers, is an ordeal from which all people, save philosophers and small French boys would shrink with horror. The little victim, however, does not seem to be ashamed of his public position. He seats himself in the presence of the crowd, and allows the operator to fasten a towel about his neck, without displaying the least nervousness. The business-like manner of the operator is very amusing. He looks upon the boy only as a model. When the patient is fully prepared, he displays him to the crowd with much the same expression as that adopted by all parental exhibitors of wonderful little children. The operation is then performed, and the boy's head is rapidly buried in a convenient basin. This accomplished, the dentist, with an air of triumph, begins to sell his tooth powders, and other toilette necessities, and to refer the crowd to his father's establishment.

We pass the conjuror as an old and well-known friend, to enjoy the performances of the sergeant of the old guard. This sergeant is represented by an old, care-worn looking poodle—a poodle that appears to be utterly tired of the world—to have exhausted all the enjoyments of two ordinary poodles' lives, and to take good and evil fortune now with equal calmness. This canine representation of the old guard is dressed—so far as his poodle's proportions can be adapted to those of the human form—in the regimentals of the old Imperial soldiers, and his long grey moustaches and shaggy beard give to his head an appearance not altogether dissimilar to his assumed character. He stands upon his hind legs; he carries his musket with military precision; his most conspicuous fault, which he seems to have abandoned as quite insurmountable, is his tail. True it is a very little tail, but there it is, and he cannot help it. His master, or superior officer, is an old man, with silver hair, enjoying the advantages of a singularly even pair of silver moustaches. The master and the subaltern appear to have a family likeness. The master is dressed in a blue blouse and wide trousers, and wears a low, half-military cap. In his hand he carries a little drum and a whip.

The poor old guard as he walks round the circle formed by the people, to the time of the drum, looks wistfully at his officer, and sadly at his officer's whip. To describe the military

movements through which the old guard passes would be as tedious to the reader as they are certainly tedious to the poodle; but the officer is really impressive. He is a serious old man, with a military severity in his look. He talks to the poodle in a voice of thunder, and comments on the slightest laxity of discipline with tremendous earnestness. He reminds the old sergeant (who absolutely looks conscious of his disgrace) that he is an unworthy representative of the Emperor's noble veterans. He tells him that he has twice been fined for drunkenness, and that he spends every sou he gets in cognac. The sergeant looks very much ashamed. And then the anger of his officer rises to a terrific pitch. The end of the matter is, that the sergeant goes through all the forms of a military trial, and is condemned to be shot. The severe old gentleman then solemnly beats his drum, and with a mournful look, places the condemned soldier in the position he is to occupy while his sentence is carried out. The poodle, with a hang-dog look, then suffers his master to fire a percussion cap at him, and falls dead. But the business does not end here. The old man proceeds with the utmost gravity to bury the sergeant with military honours. Aided by a little boy, he carries the defunct slowly round the circle, and then sings a dirge over his grave.

After the funeral, the dog wakes to a lively air, and performs a country dance with his serious old master. The animal is a character, but his master is a study. His age, his dignified manner, the imperturbable seriousness with which he goes through the military forms, the well-acted pathos with which he pronounces the old sergeant's sentence, the severity with which he rebukes any levity in the people, and the insensibility to ridicule with which he dances the country dance, are perfect in themselves. And, as he talks to the dog, his ingenuity in carrying round his discourse to money matters, and to the duty which his spectators owe to themselves not to forget the little ceremony of throwing a few centimes into the arena, is a matter which gives zest to the performance. He never appeals directly to the people—he seldom recognizes them in any way; he talks at them in an incidental way, to the old sergeant.

Another public exhibitor claims popular attention behind the Louvre. He is said to share a goodly proportion of Parisian patronage, and to be rewarded with an indefinite number of centimes. His performance is at once rapid and astonishing.

All he does is to break a huge stone—to crumble it up into small pieces. He begins by declaring to the crowd that this process may be performed by a blow of the hand. He lets the crowd examine the stone he is about to crush with a blow of his mighty arm; all are satisfied that it is a solid mass. He places it upon another stone, and, with one blow with his naked hand, shatters it to atoms. This performance is, of course, both rapid and astonishing; and sagacious men have endeavoured to account for it by explaining that the underneath stone is so

arranged that the whole force of the blow falls upon one point, and so acts like a sharp instrument,—a pickaxe, for instance. This may be the right or it may be a wrong interpretation of the performance; but that it is a legitimate thing—that there is no cheat about it—I am well assured.

I might linger here to watch other performances of this class; but my attention is drawn to a gentleman dressed quietly and well, who has just taken his hat off, and is bowing to us from the high curb-stone. His expression is serious, even sad. He has an intellectual face, a high forehead, a thoughtful look. People flock about him very fast; evidently he has something to say. He has a bundle of papers under one arm. He remains, while a crowd gathers, looking sadly round, and still holding his hat respectfully in his hand. Presently he murmurs a few words; and, by degrees, bursts into an oratorical display, at once dramatic and effective. He is a poet. He felt the soul of poetry within him when he was an obscure boy in his native village. He longed to be known—to catch the applauses of the world. At last he resolved to travel to Paris; Paris, where generous sentiments were always welcomed; Paris, the natural home of the poet. Full of youthful hope, he presented himself to a publisher, offering his poems. The reply he obtained was, that he was unknown. He went to a second publisher, to a third, to a fourth; all were polite to him, but all rejected his works. He was in despair. Was he, with the soul of poetry burning within him, to starve in Paris, the cradle of poetry? He was tempted often in that dark time to sully the purity of his muse. But he said, no; he might be poor, but he would be without stain. At last he was compelled to write songs for obscure cafés chantants; but he should be unworthy to address that assembly could he not assure them that all these songs breathed a high moral purpose. Well, one of these songs became last year the rage—thousands of copies were sold. And what did the author get for that most popular production? Here the orator pauses, and looks sternly about him. Presently he raises his arm, and, shaking it in the air, shouts, with the countenance of a roused fiend, "Trois francs!"

After this burst, he proceeds, in a subdued voice, to describe his struggle. How he resolved to fight his hard battle bravely; and how, at last, stung by the neglect of publishers, he resolved to place himself in the streets, face to face with the Paris public. He knew that they revered poets. He believed that, while his muse was pure, he might appeal to them with confidence. They may judge by his language that he is no common impostor; and he confidently believes that the time will come when it will be a popular wonder that the known man once in that way sought a public in the streets of Paris. To that time he looks courageously forward; and only asks his audience to buy a number of his works which he has under his arm, and which may be had for

three sous each, in confirmation of all he has said. And, forthwith, the poet bows to the crowd, who press about him to buy his works.

This last exhibition behind the Louvre sent me away thinking seriously of the strange things to be seen in the byways of Paris, where few strangers penetrate. Indeed, these licensed street performers form a class peculiar to the French capital. Their ingenuity is as extra-

ordinary as their knowledge of French taste and sentiment is truthful. From the prosperous pencil manufacturer down to the old man who carries a magic-lantern about the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg every night, for hire, all the people who get their living in the streets of this giddy place are worth loitering in a byway to see and to hear.

CURE OF IDIOCY.

[OUR readers may remember a very interesting article on this subject, from Chambers' Journal, copied into Nos. 150 and 158 of the Living Age.

The following is from the New York Evening Post.]

One of the most remarkable discoveries of the present age relates to the education of children in whom, on account of their imperfect physical conformation, the faculties of the mind are never unfolded nor become active, and who therefore remain in a state of idiocy. It was in Switzerland, where such examples are most frequent, that this discovery, equal in importance to any of the boasted triumphs of physical science, was made, and here, at Abendberg, near Interlachen, is an institution, founded fourteen years ago by Dr. Guggenbühl, the model of all similar institutions in other countries, in which his system of education has produced its most perfect and satisfactory results. In one-third of the number of cases, as he states in a letter to Lord Ashley, which lies before us, the pupil taken in childhood is rescued from idiocy and raised to the ordinary degree of human intelligence.

Every year numbers of Americans leave their country on a tour, which includes Switzerland, with its snowy mountain peaks, its glaciers, its glorious lakes and beautiful valleys. But Switzerland has a spectacle to show them of a moral interest commensurate with natural sublimity, in the school of Dr. Guggenbühl, one of the most modest and devoted of philanthropists. All who go to Switzerland to see the Mer de Glace, or climb the Righi, should take shame to themselves if they do not visit the institution at Abendberg, and see for themselves by what a beautiful system the helpless minds of the children of this class are relieved of the obstacles to voluntary activity, and gradually taught to command and employ their faculties.

More than twenty thousand persons in Switzerland are said to belong to this class of idiots, who are called cretins. If they are brought under proper care at an early period of life, the intellect escapes, being stifled by the defective physical organization; if they are neglected, the idiocy becomes incurable. In many other countries, besides Switzerland, cretinism prevails: For example, in Lancashire, Somersetshire and other parts of England, and all along the course of the Danube; and even in the damp and unwholesome dwellings of certain quarters of Paris and Berlin, and, doubt-

less, wherever examples of idiocy are numerous, a large proportion of them must depend on imperfect physical organization, and are, therefore, to be cured by education.

We subjoin a paper on this interesting subject, furnished by a friend who paid a recent visit to the establishment at Abendberg:

"At this season, when many of our countrymen are preparing to spend the summer in Switzerland, I should like to call their attention to a place, which many omit to see from knowing little about it, I mean the Abendberg, near Interlachen. It is an institution for the cure of cretinism, the malady of the Swiss valleys, and is entirely supported by charitable subscriptions and donations. Lord Ashley, Dr. Gausson, of Geneva, Dr. Howe, of Boston, and many other English and American philanthropists, have taken a deep interest in it and its benevolent founder.

"The following are some memoranda of a visit made to that place in August, 1852:

"This morning I tried to persuade some of my comrades to join me in a visit to Dr. Guggenbühl's, but failing, determined to go alone. Accordingly I set off with my donkey, one of the most asinine of asses, and an intelligent Swiss driver, with whom, notwithstanding my very bad German, I managed to sustain a conversation.

"The Abendberg is three thousand feet high, and pretty steep; still I found the ascent by no means disagreeable, as it is almost all through a wood which the sun does not penetrate. As we reached the top the most lovely prospect met our view—on one side, the lakes of Thun and Brienz and the green valley of Interlachen, with its surrounding hills—on the other, the snowy tops of the Eiger and the Monk.

"My attention had been first drawn to this establishment about six years ago by an article in *Chambers's Miscellany*, and I then resolved, that if ever I should visit Switzerland, that would be a place I should certainly see. Making that article my apology, I introduced myself to the doctor. He was most courteous; said it—the article—had been the means of raising up many friends to the institution, and, before I left, showed me a carefully preserved copy of it. Dr. Guggenbühl is a man of great simplicity of manners, with a mild blue eye, and an almost womanly sweetness in his smile. He asked me to join him in a cup of coffee, and while we drank it, I obtained from him some interesting details. He said his sympathy for cretins was first excited by seeing one kneeling before a wayside cross. Although every facul-

ty was paralyzed by disease, he still retained the sentiment of devotion instilled by his mother before he was three years old, so that, whenever he passed a cross, he knelt before it. Dr. Guggenbühl concluded from this, that the malady was not so hopeless as generally believed, and resolved to devote his life to making the trial. Twelve years have now passed away, and, while still a young man, he has had the reward of seeing his efforts successful. 'His children,' as he touchingly calls them, have many of them left him, sound in body and mind, raised from a state little above that of brutes to the dignity of rational and intelligent creatures.

"For eight years he never left his mountain home. I asked him if he had not sometimes felt *ennui* or regret, and it was worth while to have asked the question to see the look with which he answered, 'No, every one has his mission in life; this is mine—this is my place.'

"Among other things, he told me the origin of the word *cretin*. It arose in one of the cantons where they continued to speak bad Latin, and is a corruption of the word *creatura*, first changed into *crétira* then into *cretin*; so that this word, with which we associate ideas of the most painful and revolting nature, means really nothing but one of God's creatures.

"Having finished our coffee we walked into

the garden, where these rescued innocents were at play. I feared that it would be disagreeable if not disgusting to look at them, but nothing could be further from the truth. It is only in infancy or early childhood that Dr. Guggenbühl will receive them, and they are kept so nice and clean, washed in aromatic baths, and exposed so constantly to the pure mountain air, that the sight is rather pleasing than otherwise. They were shown to me in every stage, from the infant carried in arms to those whose cure was nearly completed. There are thirty in all, of whom twenty are taken gratuitously. They are from France, England, Piedmont, &c., cretinism being by no means confined to Switzerland.

"Our next visit was to the school-room, where everything is admirably arranged. There are maps in relief, pictures, gymnastic apparatus, &c. There is also an excellent system of botany, planned by the doctor himself. The flowers of every month are painted on cards, which the children first study, and then they are sent out into the woods and on the hills to look for them.

"Altogether, I was truly gratified, and hardly knew which to admire more—the benevolence that planned such an enterprise, or the steady zeal that has carried it out amidst every variety of obstacle."

INSTINCT OF BEES.—"I was visited," says Stedman, "by a neighbouring gentleman, whom I conducted up my ladder; but he had no sooner entered my aerial dwelling, than he leaped down from the top to the ground, roaring like a madman, after which he instantly plunged his head into the river. But looking up, I soon discovered the cause of his distress to be an enormous nest of wild bees, or *wassee-wassee*, in the thatch, directly above my head as I stood within my door; when I immediately took to my heels as he had done, and ordered them to be demolished by my slaves without delay. A tar mop was now brought, and the devastation just going to commence, when an old negro stepped up and offered to receive any punishment I should decree, if ever one of these bees should sting *me in person*. 'Maser,' said he, 'they would have stung you long ere now, had you been a stranger to them; but they being your tenants, that is, gradually allowed to build upon your premises, they assuredly know both you and yours, and will never hurt either you or them.' I instantly assented to the proposition, and tying the old black man to a tree ordered my boy Quako to ascend the ladder quite naked, which he did and was not stung: I then ventured to follow, and I declare upon my honour, that even after shaking the nest, which made its inhabitants buzz about my ears, not a single bee attempted to sting me. I next released the old negro, and rewarded him with a gallon of rum and five shillings for the discovery. This swarm of bees I since kept unhurt as my body guards, and they have made many overseers take a desperate leap for my

amusement, as I generally sent them up my ladder upon some frivolous message, when I wished to punish them for injustice and cruelty, which was not seldom.

The same negro assured me that on his master's estate was an ancient tree, in which had been lodged ever since he could remember, a society of birds and another of bees, who lived in the greatest harmony together; but should any strange birds come to disturb or feed upon the bees, they were instantly repulsed by their feathered allies, and if strange bees dared to venture near the birds' nests, the native swarm attacked the invaders. His master and family had so much respect for the above association, that the tree was considered as sacred, and was not to be touched by an axe until it should yield to all destroying time.—*Narrative*.

MONEY AND THE MAGPIE.—An old woman in Wales, who was known to be possessed of money, died and left only two pence halfpenny to be found in the house. This occasioned great suspicion of a poor girl who lived with her, and who solemnly declared she knew nothing of her mistress's affairs. While the relations were examining her, a magpie which the old woman kept repeatedly cried, *I'll hide more yet—I'll hide more yet*—striking his bill against the floor in one place so often, that he attracted notice, and a carpenter was sent for to take up the plank. It was fastened with a well concealed spring, and more than £900 was found under it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Poetical Works of Henry Kirke White, with a Memoir by Sir Harris Nicolas. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

[These poems carry us back many years, and magically connect with the time when we first read, and almost committed to memory, the whole of them, as contained in Southey's "Remains." It is impossible to compute the extent of our indebtedness to the personal and poetical character of this gifted young man.]

Poems, by Thomas Hood, with some Account of the Author. Two volumes. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

[For wit, we know of no other writer than Sidney Smith who will compare with Hood. But there the comparison ends. While Smith sparkled and lived easily, how much, amidst pain and poverty, has this gifted genius done to awaken sympathy for the *poor*, the *weak*, and even the *wicked*! The Aristocrat and the Pharisee are melted before his Christian love and charity! Gentle satirist! Brave, patient, noble! we are glad to look upon thy portrait! Hood died in May, 1845; not long before, while he was very sick, we made an ineffectual attempt to awaken the attention of the "solid men of Boston" to the sad poverty of the author of the "Song of the Shirt." He wrote these lines a few weeks before his lingering disease quenched his beneficent light:—

I.

Farewell life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward sheds a vapour chill;
Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!

II.

Welcome life! the spirit strives!
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the rose above the mould!

April, 1845.]

Two Eras of France; or, True Stories from History. By Hugh de Normand. Alden, Beardsley & Co., Auburn.

[The Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Revolution of 1789 furnish the material for this book. It contains portraits of Marie Antoinette and of the Rev. Mr. Williams, her supposed son.]

Lewie; or, the Bended Twig. Alden, Beardsley & Co., Auburn.

[Frontispiece—Brook Farm.]

Pearl Fishing: Choice Stories from

Dickens' Household Words. Alden, Beardsley & Co., Auburn.

The Bud, the Flower, and the Fruit; or, the Effects of Education. By a Lady of Boston. James Munroe & Co., Boston.

Intellectual Arithmetic: or, an Analysis of the Science of Numbers: with especial reference to mental training and development. By Chas. Davies, LL.D. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

Martin Merivale. By Paul Creighton. To appear in numbers of 36 pages twice a month. With engravings from original designs by Billings and others. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

The Plurality of Worlds:

On Nature's Alps I stand,
And see a thousand firmaments beneath,
A thousand systems, as a thousand grains!
So much a stranger, and so late arrived,
How shall man's curious spirit not inquire
What are the natives of this world sublime,
Of this so distant, unterrestrial sphere,
Where mortal, untranslated, never strayed?

Night Thoughts.

With an Introduction, by Edward Hitchcock, D.D., President of Amherst College, and Professor of Theology and Geology. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

[The English edition of this work is reviewed in No. 516 of the Living Age. President Hitchcock's introduction of it to American readers is auspicious of the success of this handsome reprint.]

My Schools and Schoolmasters; or, the Story of My Education. By Hugh Miller, Author of "The Old Red Sandstone," "Footsteps of the Creator," etc.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills—
The silence that is in the starry sky—
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

Wordsworth.

An Autobiography. With a full-length portrait. Reviewed in Living Age, No. 520. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

The Two Records: the Mosaic and the Geological. A Lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, London. By Hugh Miller. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

Turkey and the Turks, and a Cruise in the Black Sea with the Capitan Pasha. A Record of Travel, by Adolphus Slade, Admiral of the Turkish Fleet. William Taylor & Co., New York. [The great interest in the Turks, caused by the late events, and the high station of the writer, who is the present Turkish Admiral (an Englishman by birth), will attract many readers to the book.]

Rob of the Bowl. A Legend of St. Inigoes. By J. P. Kennedy, author of "Swallow Barn." "Horseshoe Robinson," &c. G. P. Putnam & Co., New York. [A very good edition—revised.]

